

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our THEOSOPHIST lies behind us; another year of our THEOSOPHIST opens before us, our Thirty-eighth volume. Thirty-seven years of unbroken succession have passed over us. How many lie in front, who can tell? For the times are stormy, and the difficulties are many; our press is under heavy security, and I know not if it will be shut down, for I am not a prophet, nor can I forecast the incalculable. I do not know for what reason the security has been imposed, for the Executive gives no reasons. I have not received a warning of any kind, during my eight years of work, so I have nothing to guide me as to the wishes or the objections of the Executive. I am groping entirely in the dark. But in order to protect the press as much as I can, I have set up a new press in Madras, and have removed thither the *Commonweal* and all political pamphlets, leaving nothing for the Vasanta Press but purely religious and social publications. During these times of War, it is very difficult to keep a press going, all materials being so dear, and the price of paper also exorbitant. The printing of the *Commonweal* and of the political pamphlets has enabled me to maintain the Press during these War years, and unless we can obtain some general printing,

it is difficult to see how it can be made to pay its way. The beauty of our Samskr̥t publications has brought much credit to the Adyar Library among Indian and foreign scholars, but we cannot live upon these, as they are necessarily slowly produced. The great business has been built up during years of steady labour, but a stroke of the pen of the Executive menaces it with destruction. I do not complain; that would be childish. I merely state facts.

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It will not be possible for me henceforth to write freely, as you, my readers, love that I should write, on my own work, and on the subjects which interest us so profoundly. This is a loss alike to you and to me, but it is inevitable, and we must make the best of it. I ask you to help me to carry THE THEOSOPHIST through the dark valley, while we hope for better days. It must be remembered that changes occur in the *personnel* of the Government, and that a change of persons may mean a change of policy. One office has just changed hands, another will be changed early in the coming year, so that half the *personnel* will be changed.

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Two years will have passed, when next month opens, since I wrote fully and strongly on the War, and the noble part played therein by England. I desire now to endorse every word therein written, for I hold as strongly now as then that this War is a War of Ideals, not merely of Nations, and that the place of every true Theosophist is on the side of Righteousness and Honour, of the sacredness of treaties and the protection of the weak. There is but one end possible to this War, the triumph of Righteousness over wrong. If wrong could triumph, then the world would enter on a period of frightful suffering. European civilisation would perish as those of Babylon, of Egypt, of Rome have perished, and Europe would be trampled into ruin under the heel of the New Barbarians. That will not be.

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Most of us believe in the Coming of the World-Teacher, and we look on the present World-War as part of the preparation for that coming. The old and worn-out must be destroyed in order that the new may come into its place, the weeds must be torn up in order that the shrubs which are to flower into beauty may be planted in their room. Hence, to us, the War is but a means to an end, and our hearts are neither troubled nor afraid. But they are set on the work of preparation, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord," and it is worth while to consider along what lines we should work. I had intended to write for this first number of a new volume an article entitled, "On the Wider Outlook of the Theosophical Society," but the legal case in which I am concerned being fixed for September 27th, and considerable time being needed for its preparation, I have been obliged to defer the writing of the article, I hope only to next month.

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Let us consider what movements there are in the world around us which are distinctly preparatory for certain definite lines of evolution. The Theosophical Movement is all-inclusive, the inspiring spirit of all, the ambient atmosphere by which all are nourished. Therefore I put that aside, to seek the more specialised movements, concerned not with the whole civilisation but with particular portions of it. Of these there are three on which we may specially dwell.

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First and foremost comes the upbringing of the children of the day, those who will be lads and lasses, young men and women, when He comes. The very young are still malleable, and, placed in good conditions, would shape themselves into readiness for service. The boys and girls of the secondary school age are susceptible of high aspiration, and an education rightly conducted would yield the fairest fruits by the time that He will be among us, giving Him receptive and even eager listeners by tens and hundreds of thousands. The elder students of college age are necessarily more

formed, but the bulk of them are full of high ideals, are longing to serve. To them, in so far as they can be influenced, must fall much of the work of preparation, and we elders must look to them as our co-workers in the great task which has to be accomplished ere He can come.

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The work of Education, then, comes first in importance. For this the little book, *Education as Service*, was written; for this the Theosophical Educational Trust, an attempt to form a body for that soul, was established. The Trust, started in India, has already taken firm root in England, and it may be that similar affiliated Trusts, each formed under the laws of its own country, may appear in countries within and without the British Empire. The key-notes of the Trust are: Education founded on and inspired by religion, the unity of religions being recognised, but each pupil being specially instructed in the tenets of his parents' faith, while trained to respect the religions of others. Cordial relations between teachers and students, marked by mutual respect, gentleness and affection, discipline being maintained by reason and love, not by punishments and harshness. Study of each student, so as to bring out his faculties, eliminate any undesirable tendencies, and help him in due course to the choice of a career in life. Avoidance of early specialisation; effort to evolve character and train will; careful development of the body, and therefore watchfulness over nutrition, exercise, rest, and self-control; presentation of high ideals of patriotism, courage, serviceableness, duty, sacrifice, and the stimulation of their practice by examples of, and if possible contact with, men and women who embody any of these to a marked degree. The balance of literary, artistic, scientific and manual education, to train the reason, the taste, the judgment, and the hands, in the early stages, preparing for the passing into the learned professions, the arts, the sciences, the crafts, according to ability and preference.

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The spreading of the principles of the Theosophical Educational Trust by lectures, articles, discussions, conversation, the founding of schools under it, and the bringing of existing schools under its control, the collection of funds to increase its area of work, all these are part of the direct preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher, and should be undertaken with that in view. We may be sure that this work would specially please the World-Teacher, and would receive His benediction, for He is the Lover of children and of the young, as we see Him in Shrī Kṛṣṇa and in the Christ.

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What can be specially done for the great religion He founded when last on earth, to which the western world instinctively turns, for the millions who cling to it, who love its ritual, who cherish its traditions, who fain would be distinctively Christian while still seeking for mystical interpretations, who feel the need of the sacramental order and the living environment of the Church? There is slowly growing up in Europe, silently but steadily, with its strongest centre perhaps in Holland, but with members scattered in other European countries, the little known movement called the Old Catholic, with the ancient ritual, with unchallenged Orders, yet holding itself aloof from the Papal Obedience. This is a living, Christian, Church which will grow and multiply as the years go on, and which has a great future before it, small as it as yet is. It is likely to become the future Church of Christendom "when He comes". This is the second movement.

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There are also many in the West who are not attracted to Christianity, but who feel a certain blank in their lives, when they have outgrown the old forms and have discovered none others to take their place. Many men in America and in Great Britain especially, having left the churches, have found in the great Brotherhood of Masonry an emotional and mystical satisfaction and a physical training. Masonry has,

to them, become a religion. But ordinary Masonry has the great deficiency that it excludes women. A body which shuts out half humanity cannot be permanent, and in these days—when women have shown such perfect heroism as doctors and nurses in the War-zone, such capacity for taking up forms of unaccustomed physical labour where men were wanting—it becomes even ludicrous. This lack of universality in Masonry, this disharmony with the spirit of the time, as well as this opposition to the ancient rule which disregarded sex as a qualification or disqualification for the Mysteries—these things make it imperative to open Masonry to women. Hence has arisen the Co-Masonic Movement, in which the ritual is, in all essentials, that of masculine Masonry, but in which Womanhood is no bar to admission. Started in France, it passed to England, and England has far outstripped France in the number of its Lodges. Here also is the germ of a mighty Movement, and wide vistas of advance are opening before it. It is the third movement.

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Such are three embryonic Movements which will grow strong and powerful in the coming years. In each one of them work is going on in preparation for the Coming, and fortunate are those who, in the days of their weakness, are intuitional enough to seize their significance and to strengthen them with their adhesion. A dozen years hence, readers who remember these words will realise their truth.

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The War has bruised many hearts, and has torn gaps in many a family circle, but nowhere, I think, has it made a rent more pathetic than it has wrought in The Priory, Bidston, in the family of one whose name is well known to our readers, Joseph Bibby. The peculiar charm of that household lay in the family relations, the husband and wife, middle-aged but keen in their interest and generous in their help to every good movement which came in their way. Many of our British lecturers have shared in their

lavish hospitality. Round them a circle of stalwart sons and one daughter, the sons strong, eager, gay, full of life and energy, beautifully tender to their mother, and the friends of their father. The charm of the household lay in the frank freedom of the younger generation, and the generous and ungrudging helpfulness of the elder, ready to give the advice of the more experienced but never seeking to control the sons who had reached manhood. Three of these gallant young fellows went to the front as privates in the "Pals," apparently a local regiment, and went to France last November as machine-gunners. All three of them have been wounded, and one of them, the midmost in age, C. Leslie Bibby, who had already been wounded and had rejoined his regiment before the recent "push" began, was again wounded, this time fatally, and died in France. The last time I was in Lancashire, this young fellow, who has died so worthily for his country, gave me a pleasant motor drive from Manchester through Cheshire to Birkenhead, whither I went to deliver lectures. The life cut off was a promising one here, and will long be missed, but Leslie Bibby has won a higher step in the forefront of the army of evolution, and those who thus die find in death a portal to a greater and a larger life, swiftly returning to the earth as one of the leaders in the advancing army.

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It is rather odd that the Round Table, founded in July, 1908, has had its name taken—certainly an unconscious appropriation—by the groups which started in Great Britain and the Dominions in 1910 to study Imperial Problems. The original Round Table is an international organisation of young people, who desire to be of use in their day and generation. Associates are boys and girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age. Boys and girls over fifteen are admitted as Companions, and over twenty-one, if good workers, they may become Knights. A Knight makes another Round Table by gathering twelve Companions and Associates round him. Associates and Companions follow a simple discipline. In each country is a Senior Council,

and there are such governing bodies in England, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and America. Belgium must be scattered now, and in Italy and Spain there are only isolated workers.

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Theosophical work goes on steadily in India, and I leave this evening (September 22nd) to preside at a Theosophical Conference held at Negapatam on the 23rd and 24th. These Theosophical Conferences, held by District Federations all over India, resemble those held by similar Federations in Britain, and serve to draw the members together, and to enhance the sense of unity.

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Dr. Otto Schrader, the late Director of the Adyar Library, has accomplished a fine piece of work during his internment as a prisoner of War in Ahmednagar. The military authorities have very kindly allowed Dr. Schrader to receive the necessary books, so that he has been able to utilise his enforced leisure in work dear to his scholarly heart. The book is a very learned one, and is intended to serve as an *Introduction to the Pāñcharātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*. Dr. Schrader had previously published a standard text of the *Ahirbudhnya* in two volumes.

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The Theosophical Convention will be held this year at Lucknow, and a great crowd is expected. The last time that it was held in the United Provinces was in 1913, when we met in Benares. In 1914 we met at Adyar, in 1915 in Bombay. The plan lately adopted of moving from place to place has met with much approval, and is likely, I think, to be continued. But probably in this third year of the War, we shall, as at our two previous meetings, have but few visitors from abroad. Passport restrictions are so troublesome, and strangers so suspected, that it is far better that they should not come to India.

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A POEM BY GIORDANO BRUNO

By F. L. WOODWARD

“THE following ode,” says Coleridge,<sup>1</sup> “was written by Giordano Bruno, under prospect of that martyrdom which he soon after suffered at Rome, for atheism; that is, as is proved by all his works, for a lofty and enlightened piety, which was of course unintelligible to bigots and dangerous to an apostate hierarchy. If the human mind be, as it assuredly is, the sublimest object which nature affords to our contemplation, these lines which portray the human mind under the action of its most elevated affections, have a fair claim to the praise of sublimity. The work from

<sup>1</sup> *Omniana*, p. 367. Bohn's Complete Works of S. T. C.

which they are extracted is exceedingly rare (as, indeed, all the works of the Nolan philosopher), and I have never seen them quoted ;—

Daedaleas vacuis plumas nectere humeris  
Concupiant alii ; aut vi suspendi nubium  
Alis, ventorumve appetant remigium ;  
Aut orbitae flammantis raptari alveo ;  
Bellerophontisve alitem.

Nos vero illo donati sumus genio,  
Ut fatum intrepidi objectasque umbras cernimus,  
Ne caeci ad lumen solis, ad perspicuas  
Naturae voces surdi, ad divum munera  
Ingrato adsimus pectore.

Non curamus stultorum quid opinio  
De nobis ferat, aut queis dignetur sedibus.  
Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus !  
Quid nubes ultra, ventorum ultra est semita,  
Vidimus, quantum satis est.

Illuc conscendent plurimi, nobis ducibus,  
Per scalam proprio erectam et firmam in pectore,  
Quam Deus et vegeti sors dabit ingeni ;  
Non manes, pluma, ignis, ventus, nubes, spiritus,  
Divinantum phantasmata,

Non sensus vegetans, non me ratio arguet,  
Non indoles exculti clara ingenii ;  
Sed perfidi sycophantae supercilium  
Absque lance, statera, trutina, oculo,  
Miraculum armati segete.

Versificantis grammatistae encomium,  
Buglossae Graecissantum, et epistola  
Lectorem libri salutantum a limine,  
Latrantum adversum Zoilos, Momos, mastiges—  
Hinc absint testimonia !

Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,  
Sol. Non conveniunt quadrupedum phalerae  
Humano dorso. Porro Veri species  
Quaesita, inventa, et patefacta me efferat !  
Etsi nullus intelligat,  
Si cum natura sapio, et sub numine,  
Id vere plus quam satis est.

“The conclusion alludes to a charge of impenetrable obscurity, in which Bruno shares one and the same fate with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and in truth with every great discoverer and benefactor of the human race; excepting only when the discoveries have been capable of being rendered palpable to the outward senses, and have therefore come under the cognizance of our ‘sober judicious critics’ and the men of ‘sound common sense’; that is, of those snails in intellect, who wear their eyes at the tips of their feelers, and cannot even see unless they at the same time touch. When these finger-philosophers affirm that Plato, Bruno, etc., must have been ‘out of their senses,’ the just and proper retort is;—‘Gentlemen! it is still worse with you! you have lost your reason!’”

I here present the reader with a translation of the Latin Ode, which, though not approaching the “sublimity” of the vigorous, if faulty Latinity of the original, will yet give some idea of the proud scorn of our great

pioneer for the Inquisitorial nincompoops who could not see an inch before their noses.

### THE HEROIC SOUL

Let others seek the plumes of Daedalus  
To grace their naked shoulders ; let them float  
Upborne on cloudy wings and strive to ply  
The oarage of the winds to speed their boat,  
Upwhirled into the flaming orbit's void,  
Or stride the flying Pegasus.

But I with such a genius am endowed  
That dauntless I can gaze upon my fate  
And on the gathered clouds that lie before ;  
Lest to the sun's light I be blind, and deaf  
To the clear tones of nature ; lest I greet  
The High Gods' gifts with thankless heart.

I little reck what fools may think of me,  
Or what the value to their thoughts assigned ;  
On stronger wings than theirs I soar aloft ;  
For I have gazed beyond the clouds and seen  
What lies beyond the highway of the winds.  
Enough for me what I have seen.

Thither shall many climb, with me for guide,  
Up the stout ladder fixed in each man's heart—  
The gift of God and man's bright destiny.  
But me no ghost nor feather, fire nor wind,  
No cloud nor spirit, dreams of sorcerers,  
Nor lively sense, nor logic shall confute ;  
No cultured mind's clear-cut charactery,



No scrutiny of balance, scale or weights ;  
Nay ! but the frown of treacherous sycophants  
    Armed with a crop of miracles.

I need no grammar-rhyming pedant's praise,  
Mouth-stopper of the Greeklings, letter writ  
To greet the reader at the very door,  
No dogs that snarl against the critics' lash ;  
    Not these the witnesses I need !

Let the bright sun move on ! Harness of brutes  
Fits not the back of men. The face of Truth,  
Sought for and found and to the world divulged,  
Shall bear me on. Tho' none may understand—  
If I be wise with nature, under God,  
    Enough, more than enough for me !

F. L. Woodward

# THE NATURE, POWER, AND EVOLUTION OF FAITH

ITS RELATION TO CHARACTER AND ACTION

By ERNEST KIRK

WHY does a man have faith in this, that, or the other? What is it in him that induces him to give himself whole-heartedly and without fear of ridicule or opposition to any particular action, policy, or truth? Most people are aware, at one time or another, of an inner something which makes it not only possible to exercise faith along certain lines but comparatively pleasant to do so. What is this something, whence comes it, and how does it operate? A satisfactory answer to these questions would, so it seems to me, go a long way, not only towards a better understanding of others and thus a greater and truer tolerance, but towards the acquisition of that knowledge the possession of which makes clear to one the why and wherefore of one's attitude towards life.

As to the power of faith, judged by outer results, there can be no two opinions. We see that it is one of the world's most inspiring and most potent forces. Even the casual observer must notice that its presence in any outstanding degree makes all the difference

between the efficient and the non-efficient, the purposive and the purposeless. It is more powerful and valuable in the world of commerce than steam or electricity, in politics than oratory or close reasoning, in religion than dogmas and creeds. Indeed, faith is the inspiring and sustaining force in almost every great enterprise in the three worlds. One has only to look carefully around to be convinced of the truth of this. It is seen in the man (or the nation) whose faith goes out towards the "mighty dollar," as the one thing above all others worth living for. Such a man does not theorise about money, he just lives for it. Quietly, but as resolutely and effectively as possible, he brings the whole of his life into harmony with his faith. Experience has taught him that he cannot obtain his object without knowing and respecting certain laws, and so he acts accordingly.

Or take the case of the average earnest and intelligent Christian missionary in India, the missionary, I mean, who in the main labours from altruistic motives. In the majority of instances such a missionary's attitude towards India, her people, and her religions, is actuated and governed by his belief. If he has come to regard Christianity as being unique and supreme over all religions—perchance the one religion destined finally to embrace in its fold the whole world—and has surrendered himself to that idea, he will most assuredly act in consonance with it. Thus motivated he will go about his duties as skilfully and as wisely as he can, but whether he runs a school, or a Y. M. C. A., or whether he co-operates with the devotees of other religions in a score of matters touching, as he may think, the political and

social well-being of the country, back of his mind all the time will be the dominating and inspiring idea of winning India and the Indians for Christ and Christianity.

Those who knew personally the late General William Booth, founder of The Salvation Army, know that the one great secret of the success of his wonderful life lay principally in his invincible faith in the revivalistic panacea advocated by him for the ills and woes of mankind. In this connection one might with interest consider the Kaiser and the War; Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the liberation of Italy; Prince Bismarck, General von Moltke, and Greater Germany; Columbus and his discovery of the New World; Mrs. Annie Besant and Home Rule for India; Savanarola, Bruno, and others. In all ages faith has been the leverage to great achievements, the inspiration of mighty deeds. Where there have been mediocrity and confusion of faith there also have been mediocrity and confusion of thought and action; where the faith has been true, strong, and robust, there too has been true, strong, and robust thought and deed.

All this holds good in the T. S. with respect to its members and their faith—or lack of it—in karma, reincarnation, the existence of the Masters, and so on. And have we not here also the secret of that diversity of outlook in, and attitude towards, life existing not only among Theosophists but among all men?

But what after all *is* this subtle, potent, something in us we call faith? How comes it, and why? “Now faith,” says St. Paul (*Heb.* XI. 1), “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” That is a definition well worth pondering over, for are not thoughts and feelings “evidence of things not seen”?

And are not the thoughts and feelings of the present largely the result of the past?

In the *Dictionary of the Bible* edited by Hastings, faith is defined as that which “does not import mere belief in an intellectual sense, but all that enters into an entire self-commitment of the soul. . . .”

“True faith rests in knowledge, and without knowledge there can be no faith,” once remarked Paracelsus.

If I know that divine wisdom can accomplish a certain thing, I have the true faith; but if I merely believe a thing might be possible or if I attempt to persuade myself that I believe in its possibility, such a belief is no knowledge and confers no faith. No one can have a true faith in a thing which is not true, because such a “faith” would be merely a belief or an opinion based upon ignorance of the truth.

But by far the most illuminating, convincing, and suggestive definition of faith I know is that given in the Seventeenth Discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. There Śhrī Kṛṣṇa, speaking to Arjuna, says: “The faith of each is shaped to his own nature, O Bhāraṭa. The man consists of his faith; that which his faith is he is even that.” And again: “Threefold is by nature the inborn faith of the embodied—pure, passionate and dark.”

Here we see that faith is not an opinion, not a mere intellectual belief, not something “created” or imposed upon us by outward authority, environment, or influence; not something imparted suddenly and “miraculously” as a “divine gift”; on the contrary it is the deeper man himself, or rather that which is the expression of, the essence and fragrance, so to speak, of his very nature. By that nature is a man’s faith shaped and vitalised, and if the nature be pure then will the faith be pure also. In other words a man’s faith will correspond exactly to what he *is*. He may, for the

sake of "policy," or in order to avoid giving offence to a friend, or out of respect to some authority, accept tentatively this or that person's views or statements, but in reality he will not go much beyond what he is by nature. To change his faith, and hence his actions, you must change his nature; but as this is a complex thing, spun partly out of the threads of heredity and environment, but mostly out of his own thoughts and feelings of this and other lives, the changing of it is by no means an easy matter, and involves long and strenuous effort. It is true there is a point in the soul's evolution—called by some conversion—when it seems to leap suddenly forward, to break suddenly loose from comparative darkness and bondage and enter into comparative light and freedom, but in reality it is but a stage in its growth, never to be reached before the full time is ripe.

From Śrī Kṛṣṇa's definition of faith we learn also that the necessary evolution of man, and consequently of his faith, passes through three definitely marked stages; namely, "dark," "passionate," and "pure," and those who know anything at all about the actions of men, individually and in the mass, will know that this classification is remarkably accurate, illuminating, and significant. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Discourses of the *Gītā* some striking particulars are given of the characteristics peculiar to the people belonging to each of these three periods of evolution. The foods, for instance, "dear to the pure" are described as those which "augment vitality, energy, vigour, health, joy and cheerfulness"; those of the "passionate" as "bitter, sour, saline, over-hot, pungent, dry and burning, and which produce pain,

grief, and sickness"; the food most liked by the "dark" as "stale and flat, putrid and corrupt . . . unclean".

Respecting sacrifice (or service), this is offered by the "pure" as duty and "without desire for fruit"; by the "passionate"—"with a view verily to fruit and also indeed for self-glorification"; by the "dark"—"contrary to the ordinances," etc. Again, the "dark" are spoken of as "discordant, vulgar, stubborn, cheating, malicious, indolent, despairful, procrastinating," of that which "thinketh wrong to be right" and which "seeth all things subverted". The "passionate" are referred to as of that which "understandeth awry Right and Wrong, and also what ought to be done and what not to be done," those who desire "to obtain the fruit of actions, greedy, harmful, impure, moved by joy and sorrow". The "pure" are of that which "knoweth energy and abstinence, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, fear and fearlessness, bondage and liberation, not egoistic, endued with firmness and confidence, unchanged by sickness or failure". Broadly speaking, the people in the first, or "dark," stage—the earlier and more primitive races of man—may be said to be almost entirely governed by bodily appetites, by their feelings and passions; those in the second stage, the "passionate," by a mixture of emotions and lower mind (with flashes of the higher), resulting mainly in selfishness and competition; those in the third stage by the Higher Self which is really the Law of Love and the Will of Ishvara. These are the people (they seem to me to be extremely rare) in whose hearts and lives the notes of Union, Co-operation, and Universal Brotherhood sound forth clearly and insistently.

As the majority of mankind are still in the second stage—busily developing the lower mind—it is but natural to expect that the average faith of the world will show forth second-stage qualities also. And nowhere is this more manifest than in the religions of the world, for though there is happily an encouraging movement towards the unity and tolerance which shall eventually render obnoxious and impossible any idea of proselytism, the “I am I” principle is still very strong and active in most religions, and particularly, I think, in Christianity.

From what has already been said it will be evident that in the earlier part of man’s pilgrimage, before mind had been developed and before he could be said to have arrived at the point where he really began to think for himself, to initiate his own thoughts, there was little or none of that genuine belief which is the conviction of the heart and which invariably results in definite action. What faith there was at that stage was of a conventional and superficial kind, easily adopted and as easily put aside. The absence of mind, of independent thinking, means also the absence of independent faith, and it is not until the mind is strong enough and man begins to think for himself that he begins to exercise a faith worthy of the name, and likely to be of service to his fellows. While he is motivated in his actions by his feelings, or while his thoughts are mere repetitions of those of others, no matter how highly esteemed and venerable, his faith, though useful to himself as a means of evolving will, must be comparatively useless as an instrument of public service. The faith that counts, the faith that is able to “remove mountains,” is the faith that is the cumulative



result of a long series of experiences in a long series of lives. And it is this past, stretching away back into infinity, which gives the impulse, character, and environment of the present, and out of which, as we deal with passing opportunities, will the future be woven.

It will thus be seen that faith, like thought, is progressive. The stages of its growth are often preceded by periods of healthy scepticism and honest doubt. In some respects we repeat in miniature in this life—in childhood, youth, young manhood and full maturity—what we have passed through in the long sweep of our evolution. The matter comprising our physical, emotional, and mental bodies represents fairly accurately our place in that evolution. Put otherwise, the Divine Self within each is limited in his expression down here by his vehicles, and faith is a mode of that expression, is, in fact, that Self in the process of struggling through and with those vehicles, to respond to, to contact, to at-one the Truth. He can only do this with any degree of perfection when the vehicles are pure and harmonised. Given a certain type of nature, a certain type of vehicle, and you have a certain type of faith; change that nature, and the faith changes also. The more evolved the person, the higher and purer the nature, the higher and purer the faith. It is only when truth is perceived by the intellect or glimpsed by the intuition that there can be true faith. The faith of primitive peoples is more properly speaking a kind of blind super-animal instinct, not unlike that manifested by the group soul. What is called "blind faith" can exist only at certain lower stages of growth, and, as a Master once wrote :

“The era of blind faith is gone; that of enquiry is here.”

Have we not here the root explanation for the differences in the quantity and quality of faith in different people, and even in the same person at different times? Is this not one of the chief reasons why some people take to the truths of Theosophy like ducks take to water, while others are not attracted by them at all? And do we not see from this that while faith is one of the most powerful forces in our midst, it is nevertheless as fallible and as unreliable—as a cut and dried rule for all—as is the thing we call conscience? Nor is it any proof that a man is right, simply because he believes he is right. Presumably Calvin believed in the abominable doctrine that still goes by his name—so many born to be saved, so many to be damned, irrespective of individual choice or action—but that did not make what he believed true. No, the fact is—men are swept away by the momentum they have themselves set going in this and previous lives.

He who fell away from Yoga is reborn in a pure and blessed house. . . . There he recovereth the characteristics belonging to the former body and with these he again laboureth for perfection, O Joy of the Kurus. BY THAT FORMER PRACTICE HE IS IRRESISTIBLY SWEEPED AWAY.”—*Gītā*, Sixth Discourse.

It is this view of faith which, when applied to the normal attitude and actions of men and nations, is, I submit, the most interesting, illuminating and satisfactory of any known to us. It shows us why men, as well as nations, act as they do; for the faith of a nation is but the reflection, the expression, of what is the average standard in character and development of the individuals composing it. Looked at thus, almost every

event of importance connected with an individual, a nation, or a collection of nations, can be explained. On this hypothesis, and keeping in mind God's great plan of evolution, man is seen to be the creator of his own faith, sowing exactly what he reaps, and reaping exactly what he sows. There is no place in this faith-scheme for favouritism, or injustice of any kind; each is left free to be the captain of his own soul, possessing and manifesting just that kind of faith he has earned and deserves, and no other. And from this point of view it is clear also that the royal road towards the attainment of a pure, noble, and lofty faith is by the development of a pure, noble, and lofty character.

Ernest Kirk

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TO ANNIE BESANT

CRORES of stars swing through the violet night,  
Stupendous in their ancient majesty;  
Far suns, great nebulae, the Milky Way—  
We watch them in their awful flight  
Until they pale before the coming day,  
As in his solitary, unmatched glory, free,  
Our sun bursts flaming on our eager sight.

Beloved Lady, there be men indeed  
Who glitter brilliantly, who, like a galaxy,  
Command the admiration of the world—  
But cold their course, far-off, set, decreed.  
We watch with curious gaze these stars thus hurled  
Aloft, but turn in eager love to thee  
As to the sun—thou Truth-Star, one of the Freed.

F. K.

## THE WHITE ARMY

By A. R. WARREN, F.T.S.

[NOTE.—It will be evident to our readers that this article was written before the war. The idea of a line of pacifists long enough to stretch across Europe is picturesque but still somewhat premature, to say the least of it. Nevertheless we publish the article as evidence of the existence of a strong desire to bring together all who are prepared to work and suffer with the definite object of influencing public opinion in all countries to oppose every policy likely to lead to a repetition of the present tragedy. It is both probable and desirable that this movement should assume a more practical form after the war.—ED.]

A NEW movement has been started in Sweden to bring about world peace. It is the formation of a White Army, whose work shall be to place itself between the warring armies, and prevent them fighting by refusing to allow them to meet. This movement works on the principle that like is only killed by like. The principle in this case is that the only way to stop people from fighting is by fighting them both, and thus forcing them to become friends in the face of a mutual enemy. Another principle shown is the very new one of aggressive passive resistance—a somewhat Irish expression—which means that if you place yourself between two combatants as a dividing wall which they cannot get rid of, they forget in time that they ever wanted to fight, and thus peace is restored before the fight. Passive resistance alone meant that one stood

aside and refused to fight, but now it is extended in its scope by becoming aggressive, and using its principles to prevent others from fighting. Our feeling that we have a duty to our neighbour which we must carry out, will not allow us to live our own lives only, but forces us to try and make them do what we think right, hence the need we feel for aggression. Passiveness does not satisfy us. If we do not want to make another do wrong, we also want to make him do right, so that we become aggressive, whatever our principles.

Like all the other movements to rid the world of war, the White Army has many difficulties before it, and yet at the same time many of the present characteristics of human nature favour its success.

One of its difficulties lies in the fact that an aggregate of human beings does not make a human aggregate. An army is composed of human beings who, separately, have all the sympathy and love that civilians have, and often they exhibit more human love and devotion than some civilians, but when these human beings join together under disciplinary rules, they do not *in toto* show these human qualities at all. When these human beings band themselves together, even voluntarily, and formulate disciplinary systems to preserve their union, they lose so much of their humaneness that others are forced to protect themselves from them. Take the Trade Unions for example. Primarily they were formed to enable the workmen to provide better homes for their wives and children, and to give the children an opportunity of receiving an education before starting out in life as workmen. But when the question of strikes comes up, do the workmen think of the sufferings of their wives and children by the want that will ensue?

Or does it affect them very much when they see the sufferings actually going on during the strike? No, these human emotions are entirely lost in the union discipline. I have seen strikers allow children to die for want of milk and food rather than give up the strike, and yet, on the other hand, after a colliery disaster I have seen men of their own free will take a woman and her children and provide for them. In the latter case there was no union, with disciplinary laws or systems, but each man was an independent unit and could therefore exercise his human qualities, whereas when united these qualities were almost numbed.

This is the difficulty to be faced by the White Army. They may place themselves between the two armies, and each man of those armies may of himself wish to refrain from wounding a non-combatant, even though between himself and his enemy, yet the warring armies would probably shoot at each other owing to their disciplinary system; and if the White Army is in the way, well, it will be killed out of existence. We have seen much the same sentiment acted upon in England with the militant suffragists. Parliamentary discipline had practically succeeded in killing out the suffrage movement, but the militants insisted on keeping it alive, so the prison tortures and the Cat and Mouse Act were resorted to in the hope that it would kill out the offenders who insisted on keeping up the suffrage agitation in the face of Parliamentary discipline. The Government simply says it is the fault of the militants, and so will the warring armies say of the White Army when they shoot through it. They will say it was its fault for insisting on being in the way to prevent them from carrying out their disciplinary rules and systems.

The point that will favour the movement to form this White Army is the fact that we have a natural tendency to unite in bodies to bring about any reform. The workmen united to reform labour, then the capitalists united to preserve their interests, and formed trusts and other great combinations. Gradually the women are uniting in that great movement that is called Feminism, of which the suffrage is only a small manifestation. Religious Societies were formed to band the people together against the encroachments of priestcraft, itself a union for a purpose—that of preserving the sanctity of the religion from the ignorant mob. All over the world one sees every movement and shade of thought becoming the basis of a union of some kind, for it is demonstrated that union is strength, and the stronger the union, the greater the certainty of success. Every union more or less accomplishes its object, though it is a case of time versus human will. The occult reason is very obvious, for our human wills are in essence divine, and the union of two divine things means the increase of divine strength that can be utilised by the world to a much greater degree than merely double. The union of two entirely physical things means only double the quantity, but the union of two divine ones means a quantity very much more than double.

A union of human wills is necessary to bring about any reform, and the reform will not be effected till the union has been made, so that if we wish to bring about a reform in international relations, we must find some means to bring those in favour of the reform together into a compact body with at least one object in view and one to which they are all agreeing. At the present



time all those who are in favour of abolishing war are scattered, and each is doing all that he or she can in this respect, but effects nothing, because one small unit by itself cannot hope to bring about such a huge international reform, by which nations will settle their differences by other means than by fighting each other, or inventing terrible machines of slaughter to frighten an unruly neighbour into giving what is wanted.

If the White Army does nothing more, it can perhaps bring about the abolition of war by the simple means of bringing together all the people in favour of abolishing war into a union pledged to bring about international peace. The fact that all the pacificists make a public declaration to the effect that they are pacificists in deeds as well as words, is enough to give strength to the movement for peace, and to make it finally successful. There are pacificists all over the world, all working for peace, but with different motives; and it is these motives that are the important objects of their unity, not merely the attainment of peace. For example, the Quakers declare that war is wrong, but they have formed themselves into a Society for other objects besides peace, so that peace is only one of their objects, and subsidiary to their chief one. So also with the Theosophical Society. We practically stand solidly for peace, but the objects of our Society are other than that of peace, which is only one of our subsidiary ones. Then again the Socialists stand for peace, but international peace is not with them one of the primary objects, but only subsidiary. The Humanitarians also stand for peace, but they have so many other objects that peace becomes merely one of the minor ones.

If, therefore, we had a body standing only for world peace, to which we could attract all these people until it could be strong enough to make itself felt, then the world's peace would be assured. This is a much more effective way of bringing it about than the spending of money or the compiling of statistics. A man may give money to try and bring this about, but he fails dismally, because he does not thereby obtain the co-operation of the remainder of the people. Those opposed to the amassing of wealth will oppose by their own thought-forms the effective use of this wealth; and also the more a man has to give, the more satisfaction there is to other people to see him giving it away, so that they unconsciously produce thought-forms to preserve the condition of affairs and make him go on giving away his money. A man may also write books and bring up wonderful arguments for peace, but if his book becomes popular, no one reads it seriously; and if it does not, only a few people in the world read it at all. Few people produce effective thought-forms when they read, and even then, admiration for the writer often almost kills those that are produced.

The question of whether the White Army is the ideal union for all the pacifists in the world is quite another matter. It is very difficult to get all the people who believe in peace to come together; and as the union would bring about some success, it would almost appear that whatever means are used to effect the union are legitimate. This savours at once of the much abused doctrine that "the end justifies the means," or, as a Socialist put it at a meeting I attended, "success justifies the means". My retort to him was

that if all means were right that lead to success, then bribery was right, for nine times out of ten it leads to success! The question of peace is so much discussed, that to find a basis for such a union or body as we have in mind, and one that will satisfy *everybody*, is very difficult. If we place peace on an economical basis, we have to combat all the differences of opinion that there are in regard to economics. If on a political basis, we have political wrangles to disentangle. If on a humane basis, we have the differences of opinion in regard to food, cruelty and slaughter to combat. If on a religious basis, we have the endless religious wrangle. What basis, therefore, can we find?

Judging from the popularity of a military or naval display or tournament, one would almost think that some body like an International Army would draw into its ranks the general mass of the people by a display of uniforms and team work. We love team work, as we know because we see the popularity of games like baseball or football. We love to watch displays that are given by teams working together, and what is even more important, we love to try and learn to do likewise. For these very considerations, it would seem better to cease trying to find a basis on which to start a union large enough to bring about world peace, other than the simple object of the prevention of war for the sake of peace, and leave it to the popularity of team work and displays to draw the mass of the people into its ranks.

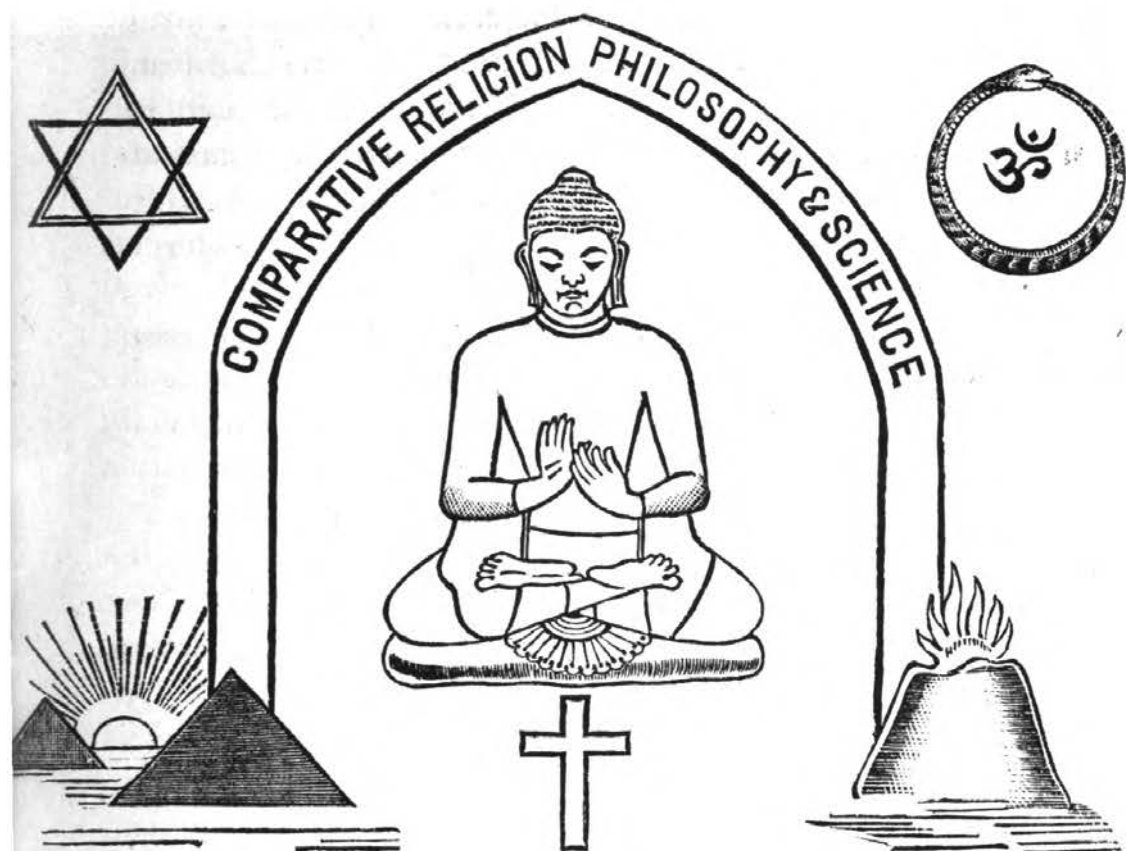
The White Army is not a movement to be belittled, as so many think, but one to be developed, though it may seem only a crude expedient for gaining a great occult ideal—peace. The world is not composed of

advanced egos, capable of living spiritual lives for the sake of spirituality only; and therefore whatever we can do to attract the non-thinkers to help us to bring about an ideal is quite permissible. Stop the evil first, and then reform the people; for our reform will be aided by the diminishing of the thought-forms generated by the evil as it dies. While it exists, the thought-forms are often too strong for us, in spite of our reforming zeal.

The White Army movement calls for our support, and the call is a worthy one.

A. R. Warren

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## THE EARLY JAPANESE MYTHS: I

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THE early myths of Japan, as we find them in the *Kojiki* ("Record of Ancient Matters") and the *Nihongi* ("Chronicles of Japan"), not only provide us with a number of beautiful and quaint stories, not only open a wonderland to our gaze, but they provide us with something more than mere mythology. Most of us are familiar with Japan's flag, a red sun on a white

ground. The symbol upon that flag is also the symbol of the Japanese nation. Japan's ancient worship of Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess, has been perpetuated ever since, for the Mikados are the direct descendants of this deity. As such they have always been regarded as sacred beings whose shrine was a palace and whose throne was an altar screened from the sight of their subjects. To-day the Land of the Rising Sun has become the Land of the Risen Sun. The ancient veil has been removed, and the Emperor, instead of being a sacred puppet, always kept well in the background while others exercised his authority, has come boldly forward, and remains to-day the visible manifestation of the Sun Goddess and actual ruler of his country. This great sun myth has been a connecting link throughout the ages. Thousands of years ago it was a Shinto cult ; to-day, without losing its old association, it has evolved into a kind of patriotism that centres round the Emperor, a kind of patriotism that is wholly self-sacrificing. Such a myth, and those connected with it, cannot fail to be of absorbing interest, and it is my intention to trace the sacred relationship between Ama-terasu and the first Emperor of Japan.

In Japan's cosmogony story we are informed that in the beginning "Heaven and Earth were not yet separated, and the *In* and *Yo* [the male and female principles] not yet divided". As in more than one cosmogony story, we are told of a gigantic egg that contained germs. Of how the egg and its potential life came into existence we are told nothing. All we know is that there were clear and murky elements in that egg ; the one rose and became Heaven, while the other, gradually sinking, became Earth, which was

said to resemble "the floating of a fish on the surface of the water". A strange form resembling a mighty reed-shoot then sprang into existence between Heaven and Earth. This manifestation speedily changed into a *Kami* called Kuni-tokotachi ("Land-eternal-stand of august thing"). Some authorities do not regard the word *Kami* as the equivalent of "deity" or "god," but rather as invisible beings of no divine import. It is quite possible that the early *Kami* were not deities, but in course of time they certainly became so. We find no mention of sex in regard to the early *Kami*. Gradually, however, they lose their vagueness, and their very names suggest earthly relations, such as "the *Kami* of the perfect exterior" and "the *Kami* of germ-integration". In the fifth generation of the *Kami* there is no mistaking the sex of the two deities Izanagi ("Male who desires") and Izanami ("Female who desires"). Concerning these divinities the following curious myth, the first love story of Japan, is recorded.

Izanagi and Izanami stood on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and far below them stretched the blue sea. They had been commanded to "make, consolidate and give birth to the floating land". In order to accomplish these things they thrust down a jewel-spear into the ocean. When the weapon was raised, the drops of water that fell from it solidified and became Onogorojima ("Spontaneously-congeal-island"). Upon this island, known to-day as Awaji, they descended, and when they came to earth it was spring-time. These childlike deities chanced to observe the mating of a pair of wagtails, and immediately commenced a love affair on their own account by frankly confessing that each possessed a generative organ. Having agreed

upon marriage, these deities set up a pillar upon the island, round which they walked in opposite directions. When they met each other, Izanami exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met with a lovely youth." Izanagi, however, was not at all pleased with these words, and he answered angrily: "I am a man, and by that right should have spoken first. How is it that on the contrary thou, a woman, shouldst have been the first to speak? This is unlucky. Let us go round again." They accordingly resumed their walk round the pillar, and when they met a second time Izanagi exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met a lovely maiden."

We are told that the first effort of procreation resulted in "a leechlike abortion" which was placed in a boat made of rushes and allowed to float away. Then followed the creation of a number of islands, including Great-Yamato, the Luxuriant-Island of the Dragon-fly, known to-day as the Main Island. In addition rivers, valleys, trees, mountains, and personifications of various natural objects were created, such as the *Kami* of the "wind's breath," of "foam calm," and "bubbling waves".

All went well with the mother of these geographical children, as we may fittingly call them, until Izanami gave birth to Kagutsuchi, the God of Fire. In giving birth to this deity she died, or as it is written in the *Nihongi*, "suffered change and departed". While Izanagi crawled round her head and feet, his tears changed into a deity called "Weep-abundant female". Weeping finally gave place to anger, and Izanagi took his ten-span sword and cut the God of Fire into three pieces, each of which became a deity. The blood that fell from his weapon changed into the rocks that lie in



the bed of the Tranquil River of Heaven, otherwise known as the Milky Way, concerning which both China and Japan have weaved many a pleasing legend. Having slain the God of Fire, Izanagi set out for the Land of Yomi (Hades) in the hope of finding his spouse.

In the dim region of the Underworld Izanagi met his wife. It was so dark that he could not see her, and she begged her lord to return and allow the darkness to conceal her. Izanagi, overcome by curiosity, broke off a piece of his comb and lighted it. A bright flame revealed a dreadful scene, for Izanami had become a festering creature and was undergoing the process of decomposition. To make matters worse, eight Thunder Gods rested upon her. Izanagi, horrified by the spectacle, fled from the foul place. But he did not fly alone, for Izanami, angry that she had been put to shame, sent the Ugly Females of Hades in pursuit. Izanagi, fearing capture and wishing to check the flight of those who followed him, flung down his back head-dress, and it immediately changed into a bunch of grapes. The Ugly Females paused for a moment to eat the fruit, but, their hunger satisfied, they resumed their pursuit. Once again he checked their approach by causing bamboo-shoots to grow out of his comb. It is recorded only in the *Kojiki* that when Izanagi reached the Even Pass of Hades he saw three peaches. He plucked the fruit and flung them at his enemies so that they fled. He then said to the peaches: "Like as ye have helped me, so must ye help all living people in the Central Land of Reed-Plains when they shall fall into troublous circumstances and be harassed!"

Izanami, perhaps aware of the failure of the Ugly Females, decided to pursue her lord herself. She met

him in the Even Pass of Yomi where he had blocked the passage with a great rock. Izanagi, instead of being content with a curtain lecture or with a gracious apology for his unseemly conduct, solemnly declared a divorce! On hearing this, Izanami adopted a militant attitude by saying: "My lord and husband, if thou sayest so, I will strangle to death the people in one day." This threat did not cause her lord to yield. He observed that her act of slaughter would be futile, seeing that he had the power to create in one day no less than fifteen hundred men and women. It was unfortunate that deities who had married each other after seeing the mating of wagtails should have ended their wedded life with such bickerings, but even the Olympian deities were subject occasionally to bad temper and anything but friendly conjugal relations.

Izanagi left the Land of Yomi and underwent a very elaborate purification in a small stream in the island of Tsukushi in order to cleanse himself from the pollution he had incurred with the dead, which, as Brinkley observes, "inaugurates the rite of purification practised to this day in Japan". Before entering the water, Izanagi removed his garments, his necklace and his bracelets. *Kami* were born from these articles and also from the pollution which was washed away during this great lustration. From his left eye was born Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, from his right eye, Tsuki-yumi, the Moon God, and from his nose Susa-no-o, the Impetuous Male. We read in the *Nihongi*: "After this, Izanagi, his divine task having been accomplished, and his spirit-career about to suffer a change, built himself an abode of gloom in the island of Ahaji, where he dwelt for ever in silence and concealment."

The moon figures so frequently in Japanese poetry and is always described with such intense delight that it is surprising to find that the Moon God is only referred to in one Japanese myth, and then in a manner in no way compatible with a poet's reference. On one occasion Ama-terasu sent the Moon God to wait upon Uke-mochi, the Goddess of Food, who dwelt in the Central Land of Reed-Plains. When the Moon God saw her, he noticed that when she turned towards the land, boiled rice issued from her mouth. When she looked at the sea, all manner of fish, "broad of fin and things narrow of fin," gushed from her mouth, and when she gazed at the mountains, "there came from her mouth things rough of hair and things soft of hair". When she had brought forth these things, she set the food upon a hundred tables and invited the Moon God to the feast. But the Moon God refused to eat, saying: "Filthy! Nasty! That thou shouldst dare to feed me with things disgorged from thy mouth!" He then slew the Goddess of Food and returned to Heaven. When he gave the Sun Goddess an account of his doings, she became extremely angry, and said: "Thou art a wicked deity. I must not see thee face to face." And so it came to pass that the Sun Goddess and the Moon God were separated by a day and a night. The Sun Goddess, distressed by the news brought her by the Moon God, sent another messenger, who found that although the Goddess of Food was dead, she bore upon her head an ox and a horse, millet on her forehead, silkworms over her eyebrows, panic in her eyes, rice in her stomach, and elsewhere wheat and two kinds of bean. When the messenger returned to Heaven and made his report,

Ama-terasu said: "These are the things by which the race of visible men will eat and live." She planted the millet, wheat and beans in dry fields and sowed the rice in fields covered with water. We read in the *Nihongi*: "That autumn, drooping ears bent down, eight span long, and were exceedingly pleasant to look on."

If the Sun Goddess was unfortunate in having for a brother the Moon God, she was still more unfortunate in her other brother, Susa-no-o. He was wayward and impetuous, bad-tempered and spiteful. His long beard gave him a patriarchal appearance, and at first sight suggested wisdom and benignity. But unfortunately his appearance was deceptive, for whenever he could not get his own way he wept profusely. He was, in short, the one Japanese deity who may be said to have run amok both in the Plain of High Heaven, where the Tranquil River flowed, as well as during his wanderings on earth. When Susa-no-o was angry he destroyed mountains and forests and slew many people, instead of ruling over the sea according to the decree of his father.

Izanagi, hearing of Susa-no-o's unseemly weeping and his still more unseemly destruction of life, desired to banish him to the Land of Yomi with "a divine expulsion". Susa-no-o, who knew how to wheedle very effectively, said to his father: "I will now obey thy instructions and proceed to the Nether-Land (Yomi). Therefore I wish for a short time to go to the Plain of High Heaven and meet my elder sister, after which I will go away for ever." Izanagi fancied he saw in this speech the promise of better things and no little filial piety. He accordingly granted the petition,

and the Impetuous Male ascended to Heaven while the sea roared and the mountains groaned aloud.

When the Sun Goddess heard that Susa-no-o was about to enter Heaven, she was filled with grave misgiving, and said to herself: "Is my younger brother coming with good intentions? I think it must be his purpose to rob me of my kingdom. By the charge which our parents gave to their children, each of us has his own allotted limits. Why, therefore, does he reject the kingdom to which he should proceed, and make bold to come spying here?"

Having murmured these words, she prepared to defend herself. We read: "She bound up her hair into knots, and tied up her skirts into the form of trousers. Then she took an august string of five hundred Yasaka jewels, which she entwined round her hair and wrists. Moreover, on her back she slung a thousand-arrow quiver and a five-hundred-arrow quiver. On her lower arm she drew a dread, loud-sounding elbow-pad. Brandishing her bow end upwards, she firmly grasped her sword-hilt, and stamping on the hard earth of the courtyard, sank her thighs into it as if it had been foam-snow, and kicked it in all directions. Having thus put forth her dread manly vigour, she uttered a mighty cry of defiance, and questioned him in a straightforward manner."

At this point Japanese myth strikes a deliciously humorous note, though the humour is probably unintended. The Impetuous Male, as he stood on the bank of the Tranquil River of Heaven, affected to be much surprised and not a little grieved when he saw the warlike preparations of his sister. Sometimes the Impetuous Male could control his petulance, and he did

so on this occasion. With knowledge of the histrionic art worthy of a better cause, he concealed his evil motives by adopting the air of one grievously wronged. When he looked across the River of Heaven and saw his sister in all her "dread manly vigour," he said with great pathos: "From the beginning my heart has not been black. But as, in obedience to the stern behest of our parents, I am about to depart for ever to the Nether-land, how could I bear to go without having seen face to face thee my elder sister? It is for this reason that I have traversed on foot the clouds and mists and have come hither from afar. I am surprised that my elder sister should, on the contrary, put on so stern a countenance."

Ama-terasu was not wholly convinced of her brother's good intentions, and she resolved to test his sincerity. She accordingly took her brother's ten-span sword, broke it into three pieces, and rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven". She then crushed the fragments in her mouth, and in blowing them away they were converted into three female deities known as the "*Kami* of the torrent mist," the "*Kami* of the beautiful island," and the "*Kami* of the cascade". Susa-no-o then took the Yasaka jewels which his sister had worn in her hair and round her wrists, and, having also rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven," crushed them in his mouth and blew out the fragments, which were immediately changed into five male deities. Now the condition of this deity-producing competition was that if Susa-no-o created female *Kami*, his motive in visiting his sister was evil. If, on the other hand, he produced male deities, his motive was good. It will be seen, therefore, that by the condition imposed the

Impetuous Male was "honourably acquitted". But unfortunately the Sun Goddess informed her brother that the female deities fashioned from his sword belonged to him, while she had every right to possess the five gods, seeing that they had been created from her Yasaka jewels.

When the Impetuous Male heard that he was to have the female deities while his sister was to possess five gods, simply because she had been clever enough to beg the question and to indulge in artful sophistry, he became exceedingly angry. He knew that his sister was extremely proud of her rice-fields, and in the spring he broke down the boundaries between the plots, and in the autumn he completely ruined a promising harvest by letting loose a number of piebald colts. Unfortunately he was not satisfied with this malicious act, for while the Sun Goddess sat in the Weaving Hall, weaving garments for the Gods, he made a hole in the roof of the palace and flung down a "heavenly piebald horse which he had flayed with a backward flaying". Many of the Sun Goddess's women were frightened to death, while Ama-terasu herself was injured with the shuttle. Angered by her brother's treachery, she hid herself in the Rock Cave of Heaven and the world was in darkness.

F. Hadland Davis

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## PERIODIC REST IN HELL

By THE LADY ABBESS X—, O.S.B.

MUCH has been written about Happiness in Hell, and opinions given on a subject of dire importance by persons more or less capable of their self-assumed task. There is another side of the momentous subject, as old as Christianity itself, and that is the idea of periodical rest and immunity from suffering in that place of punishment. From the first ages of Christianity, such ideas have taken a more or less tangible form and have become more or less popular from their adaptation to the temper of the people and the times; indeed they sprang from both people and times.

It is not wonderful that such should be the case. If there is belief in a future at all, above all in one where the justice of an all-holy God must be satisfied, the heart of every creature must ache to know the likelihood of mercy, both for the sake of those it loves, as for its own sake, when its time too shall come; and so the present century, in its discussion on the eternity of suffering, is but echoing the cry of human nature in the first, that claimed some rest at least for unhappy souls, brought into existence without their will, and then condemned to endless woe for sin committed during that existence.



In the famous *Visio S. Pauli* a moving scene is depicted. Guided by the Archangel Michael, S. Paul entirely traversed the *doloroso regno*; he has beheld the different orders of sinners and the bitter punishment to which Divine Justice has subjected them; and at the sight he has shed tears of compassion and sorrow. He is about to leave the horrors of this place of darkness, when the damned cry out with one voice: "O Michael, O Paul, have pity upon us, pray for us to the Redeemer." And the Archangel replies: "Weep, all of you, and I also will weep with you, and with me will weep Paul and all the angelic choirs; who knows whether God will not have mercy on you." And the damned cry: "Son of David have mercy on us." Behold, Christ, crowned, descends from Heaven and reproaches the reprobate with their wickedness and reminds them of the blood uselessly shed for them. But Michael and Paul and thousands upon thousands of angels kneel before the Son of God and cry for mercy, and Jesus, moved with pity, grants to all the souls in Hell the grace, that they may rest and be without any torment from the hour of None on Saturday until Prime on Monday.

This shows the bent of men's minds. God was so good, they thought, His mercy was over all His works; and therefore they did not doubt that in His all-powerfulness He would devise some means for the mitigation of pain imposed by Himself. And this was a belief not held by the common people only. In the beginning of the third century, Clement of Alexandria denied the purely afflictive pain of Hell. According to him, the end and character of punishment was simply pedagogic. Origen, too, his illustrious disciple, affirmed the final

salvation of every creature, including the Devil and his angels, for as all have died in Adam, so all shall live in Christ. But his doctrine was impugned by bitter adversaries even during his life, and the Council of Alexandria in A. D. 399 condemned it; and this condemnation was enforced by the general Council of Constantinople nearly 150 years later, this showing how it had clung to the people and approved itself in their views. But an enunciation of the dogma of eternal and unbroken suffering could not be imposed on every one, and there were some critical and speculative spirits, who ventured to call it in question, as well as others of a gentler and more sentimental turn of mind, who recoiled from assenting to it. When the dogma from which they shrank was forced upon them, the people took refuge in such a half-measure as is exemplified by the legend with which this paper begins.

Dogmatic teaching could not be questioned, but it might admit of explanation and softening down. They no longer denied the eternity of Hell and its torments, but they agreed for periodic exemption from punishment.

Two Apocalypses have been attributed to S. Paul; one is lost, the other was discovered by Tischendorf in 1843 and published. It was probably written by a Greek monk about 380, and professed to give the account of his being rapt into the third heaven. Guided by an angel, S. Paul assists at the judgment of souls, sees the reward of the Blessed and visits Hell. The Archangel Gabriel descends with him, together with choirs of angels, into the infernal regions, and the damned implore their intercession. Paul, who has wept over the unspeakable torments he has witnessed, prays, joined

by the angels; and Christ appears, is moved by their supplication, and grants to the reprobate the concession of rest from their suffering during the day of His Resurrection, commencing from the night before. Now the *Visio S. Pauli*, already referred to, and which was commonly known in the West in the ninth century, gives this story substantially the same, with the exception that the Archangel is Michael instead of Gabriel, but there is a very marked advance in one point, *viz.*, the time of rest is multiplied from one day in the year to one day in the week.

This idea in the Greek Apocrypha in the fourth century was not confined to the East. In the West, Aurelius, who was a Spaniard and lived about the same time, records and professes the same belief in certain well known verses of one of his hymns:

Sunt et spiritibus saepe nocentibus  
Pœnarum celebres sub Styge feriae  
Illa nocte sacer qua rediit Deus  
Stagnis et superos ex Acheruntiis

\* \* \*

Marcent supliciis tartara mitibus  
Exultatque sui corporis otio  
Umbrarum populus, liber ab ignibus  
Nec fervent soli to flumina sulphure.

In the legend of S. Marcarius the Egyptian, narrated by Rufius of Aquileis, it is recorded that the holy Anchorite once found a skull in the desert, with which he got into conversation on the pains of Hell, and learned that prayer brings some slight relief to the damned. In the writings attributed to Denys the Areopagite, which may be as late as and later than the sixth century, a vision granted to S. Carpus is related. In it Christ expressed great pity for the lost, who are tormented by the devils in Hell, and declared Himself ready to die

a second time for mankind ; then He and His angels stretched out their hands to succour those who are about to be engulfed in the abyss.

Isidore of Seville, about the beginning of the seventh century, believed that prayer helps in some way the souls of the lost. In the vision of S. Barontus, at the end of the same century, we are told that those of the damned who while on earth did any good, are at the sixth hour of every day comforted by a little manna from Paradise.

The efficacy of prayer above all was supposed to be undeniable ; and why, it was asked, should this efficacy cease just where it was most needed ? Even the Rabbis believed that the suffering of Hell was suspended every day during the prayers of the faithful. These particular prayers were to the number of three, and an hour and a half was the duration of each. To this large allowance of grace to the condemned, they also added the rest of Saturday and on the feasts of the new moon.

But prayer was not the only means of relief, for we are told by Cæsar of Heisterbach that a certain soldier died and went to Hell for having unjustly possessed himself of the property of others. He appeared to his sons and told them that if they would make restitution his pain would diminish. His sons, it is added, preferred to keep their inheritance and let their father keep his. In Brittany there is a popular legend that a child lessens the pains of Hell by continually pouring Holy Water into the boiling cauldron full of lost souls.

In the *Apocalypsis Mariae*, probably a monkish production of the Middle Ages, the Queen of Heaven

desires to visit the infernal regions, into which she goes, accompanied by S. Michael and his angels. Having seen the horrible suffering of the damned, she begs to be conducted back to Heaven, in order that she may entreat God's mercy for them. The Archangel replies that he and his angels pray seven times day and night for them, but in vain. Mary insists, and begins to pray, joined by all the inhabitants of Heaven, and God at length grants some alleviation.

It was a common belief in the Middle Ages that on the feast of the Assumption Christ mitigated the pains of the lost in honour of His Mother.

All Catholics know how efficacious prayers and good works are in relieving the souls in Purgatory, and so what wonder that people should go a little further and say: If by prayers and good works the souls in Purgatory are helped, their pains lessened, their time of suffering shortened, without God's justice being thereby tarnished, why can they not produce a corresponding effect on the sufferings of Hell? And indeed legends to this effect are numberless.

Many are the stories regarding the traitor Judas, in whom all good Christians seemed greatly interested. S. Brandon, in the course of his marvellous pilgrimage, found the faithless Apostle seated on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In front of him hung a cloth, attached to an iron gibbet. The waves rushed upon, the wind beat upon him, the cloth, blown about, struck him in the face. Questioned by the Saint, Judas related to him the manner of his punishment. For six consecutive days he burned and was red hot like a mass of melted lead, but on the seventh, that is to say the Sunday, divine mercy

granted him this refreshment in honour of the Resurrection of Christ. This alleviation was also granted from Christmas Day until Epiphany, from Easter till Pentecost, and from the Purification until the Assumption of Our Lady. The rest of the year he suffered unspeakable torments in the company of Herod, Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas. The cloth that hung before him, he had given, when in this life, to a leper, but as it had not been his own, it hurt rather than helped him. The iron supports he had given to the Priests of the Temple for the cauldrons they used. The stone on which he sat was one with which he had once mended a public road in Jerusalem. His sojourn on this rock lasted from the Vespers of Saturday till those of Sunday, and in comparison to the tortures he suffered the other days, it was like paradise to him. S. Brandon at his visit lengthened this time of rest till the setting sun on Monday. In the continuation of the *Huon de Bordeaux*, Huon finds Judas unceasingly tossed about in a great whirlpool where passed and repassed all the waters of the world; the condemned had no other defence from this than a piece of cloth which Christ had hung in front of His face. These two legends agree, therefore, in the two main points of the sea and the piece of cloth, but the second speaks of the whole torments consisting in what, in the first, was merely the periodic rest from much direr suffering.

A curious legend is that of King Chomarcus, who was seen sitting in great glory and delight on a splendid throne in a palace wonderful with light, but he satisfied the Justice of God for his sins, by standing three hours of each day immersed in fire up to the waist, from where he was covered with haircloth. It must,

however, be added that the relation of this vision says the place of this palace was between Purgatory and Heaven, a place where dwell many who, though not good, had been taken from infernal torments, and not deserving to be joined to the companionship of the Saints, had been located in a sort of half way house.

This subject of the periodical repose of the lost has been treated much more fully in a book by Professor Arthur Graf, entitled: *Miti, Leggende e Superstizioni del Medio Evo*, and a careful investigation of mediæval lore would doubtless yield large material for a complete collection relating to this not uninteresting subject.

The Lady Abbess X—

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## LIFE'S TOMB

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay  
down his life for his friends.*

Tread softly here ; in silence and in gloom  
Survey Life's tomb, its shadowed bier ;  
Smile not, ye cynics, at its early doom ;  
But let within your fount of Pity loom

A tear !

Speak not a word, nor seek the cause of death :  
'Twas not the sword that stole its breath ;  
But as ye tread upon the withered sod  
Muse, for the loftiest sentiment from God

Lies beneath !

It once was white as lilies on the streams ;  
It did delight in raptured dreams ;  
But the world touched those lilies with its blight,  
Till day gave place to dark and endless night

And broken themes !

It needs no bard to sing its praise,  
Or how 'twas marred upon its ways ;  
Its epitaph inscribed with pride and woe  
Is written simply in this line below—

“ It sacrificed.”

KAI KUSHROU ARDASCHIR





## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By E. L. GARDNER

**S**TUDENTS who have followed the fascinating speculations of Claude Bragdon on this theme, or have pursued the elusive "tesseract" through the mazes of C. H. Hinton's brain-twisting entanglements, will need no introduction; though I should wish also to interest the larger number who have only a bowing acquaintance with this most interesting subject.

To many, the Fourth Dimension is practically impossible of intellectual conception, and only provides a convenient screen wherewith to cover a multitude of inexplicables; to them I extend the hand of sympathy and would whisper a message of encouragement, for the purport of this article, penned with a feeling of some temerity in the face of such doughty champions, amounts to a denial of its existence.

Despite elaborate mathematical "proofs," I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing, and that the reality of which it is a false symbol can be easily grasped by the student of Theosophy without engaging in the fearsome gymnastics usually prescribed.

By the term "dimensions of space" we really mean "extensions of matter," and if we analyse this latter term, we shall resolve it into motion of a point or points—motion in three directions that we may call height, breadth, and depth. These popularly are the three dimensions of space, and mathematically, not actually, may be regarded as arising in succession—height or length being due to the motion of a point in one direction, which we call a Line; breadth being due to the motion of this line at right angles to itself, which we call a Surface; and depth being the movement of this surface, again at right angles to itself, which we call a Solid; and thus the Three Dimensions.

The Fourth Dimension theory is that there may be a further movement at right angles to the three-dimensional solid figure, a movement or extension obviously not possible to trace, but nevertheless following as a natural, reasonable and logical sequence to the first three movements. A wealth of delightful and fascinating

analogies is built up on the imagined relations of the inhabitants of "Flatland" with those of a one-dimensional world on the one hand, and our familiar three-dimensional world on the other. The theory has the air of being based on the essence of sound reasoning; is attractive, explanatory, and indeed captivating.

Yet, I submit, is it none the less misleading and fallacious, for it is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of Form, and however willingly we grant that behind the description "Fourth Dimension" there stands something that is real, it is of importance that that reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness and not be regarded as a further extension of Matter or Form.

Without pausing to enquire what becomes of the fundamental simplicity of the Unity on which the Universe is based, if dimensions are multiplied *ad infinitum*, let us examine briefly the popular argument. The approach to the "fourth" dimension is by way of the first, second, and third. The reader is introduced to an imaginary linear world, and thence to a "Flatland" of two dimensions, described in detail and with much ingenuity, and finally on to our own familiar "three," the land of solids. By the help of numerous analogies the student is instructed to attempt a conception of a four-dimensional world. At first sight all the difficulty appears only to reside in this last effort, but a little thought will convince one that the linear world and "Flatland" are just as impossible of conception! In terms of form they can themselves have no separate existence.

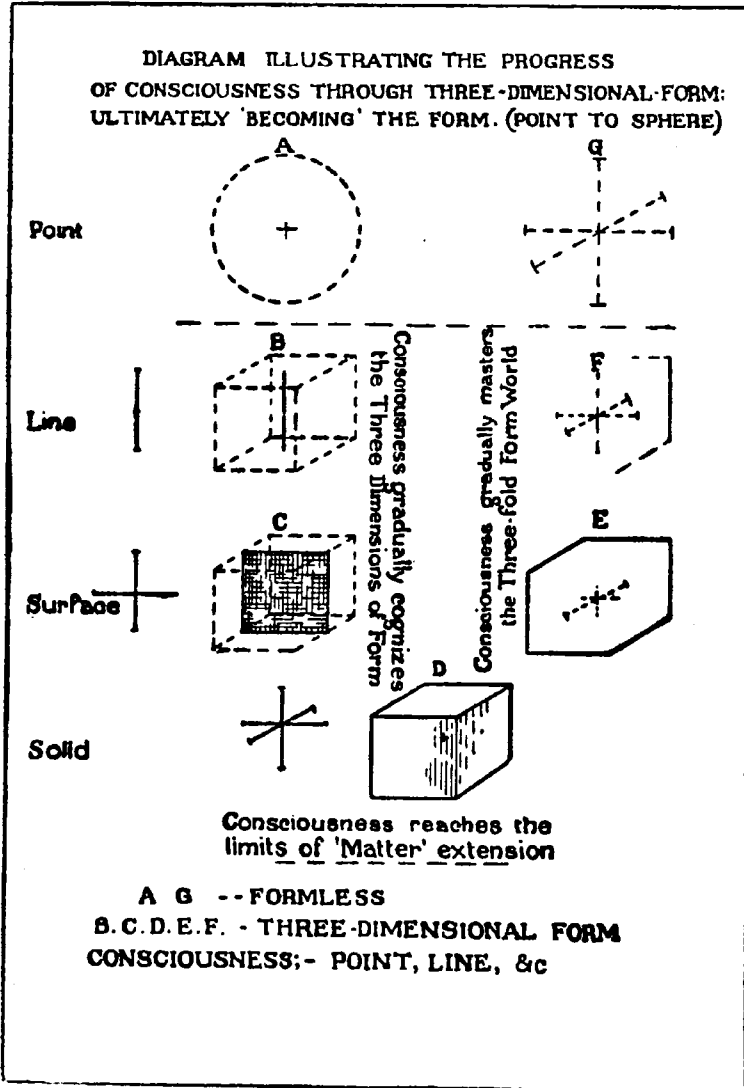
To picture Flatland, the reader is invited to imagine a plane surface with paper squares and triangles, or

smooth water with the "thinnest of films" moving over it. Quite a comfortably easy task, but it is not Flatland.

A three-dimensional world of form is the only one conceivable, for a "line" is the boundary of a "surface" and has no existence apart from a "surface"; a "surface" is the boundary of a "solid" and has no existence apart from a "solid". The "solid" form contains the three dimensions; and all manifest, not successively but together, in time; springing equally and simultaneously full-grown from the Creative Source. They correspond to the triune nature of the One Life, to the triple attributes of every unity, to the dispersive, contractive, and cohesive modes of motion; they are the reflection in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity; and the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius awaits the heretic who holds them separate. Let me hasten to add that of course no one does hold them separate really, for the good and sufficient reason that he could not if he would, and that this gentle protest is only made to those who would include a "fourth" on equal terms.

Acting on the principle that no one should destroy who is not prepared to construct, the following is suggested as leading to an understanding of the truth behind that mathematical abstraction of the mental formless level, the "fourth dimension".

The realms of Form constitute a threefold world—which triplicity corresponds to the mental, astral, and physical planes. The Life enters this threefold form world, endeavouring first to understand it—achieving self-consciousness, awareness, in the process—and then to master it. The Life may be depicted on the preliminary formless level as centred in nuclei or



EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM

points, whose "Will to live" is to find expression in Form, and all that may be encountered within the Ring-pass-not of the Form World is to be rendered subject to that Will. These points of Life become Units of Consciousness on meeting the resistance offered by material, though their awareness is a quality of slow growth.

The whole journey may be regarded as accomplished in seven stages, and the succession is best expounded with the help of the annexed diagram, as follows :

(A) On the threshold of the Form World. The Life is diagrammatically represented as a Point (Will), which is about to commence its experiences.

(B) The Threefold Form World is encountered, and the "Point" by contact becomes a Unit of Consciousness. It appropriates a portion of the material, identifies itself with it, and senses one dimension ; that is, it becomes "conscious" by its ability, through its vehicle, slightly to respond to one mode of motion. This is linear consciousness, and the kingdom of which this is typical is the Vegetable (coupled with the Third Elemental Kingdom). We may trace this to-day in the vegetable life, which, starting from the centre (seed), clothes itself in a form that strikes up and down. Through the earlier progress of this kingdom these thrusting extremities of stem, branches, or roots, traversing one dimension, may be regarded as the sensitive organs of vegetable consciousness.

(C) This second stage in the Form World corresponds to Animal consciousness (coupled with the Second Elemental Kingdom), to which two dimensions are objective. The Unit is feeling its way forward, "living" the more keenly as sensation increases, hence, by awakening desire, tending continually to identify

itself more thoroughly with its instrument of sensation, the outer vehicle.

It should be noted that the visual organ of the animal body can only present consciousness with a flat picture, and as the average animal is unaided by any considerable mental development, perception must necessarily be limited to height and breadth—the conscious outlook being practically wholly superficial. The diagram therefore depicts this consciousness as two-dimensional.

(D) The three dimensions are apprehended by virtue of the development of mentality—height, breadth and depth are objective. Self-consciousness becomes established, for life in the Human Kingdom responds to the three modes of motion, embraces the three dimensions, functions through three vehicles, effects relations with the whole of the threefold world of form, and is enabled thereby to distinguish between its own densest vehicle and others. This isolation spells self-apprehension. It must be specially noted that the Unit of Consciousness remains a living “point” only, and throughout the outward journey (B, C, and halfway through D) is engaged in becoming gradually familiar with the three-dimensional world of form, learning in its appropriated and intimate vehicle to vibrate in sympathy. It is the quality of awareness, consciousness, that progresses, not form dimensions.

The attention of the Unit of Consciousness, at this the periphery of form, is devoted to externals—views everything objectively. This is the inevitable result of the long and successful training received in its journey from the Point stage to an apprehension of the Solid, throughout which the spiritual urge has been outwards.

Broadly speaking, this is the position of Humanity to-day. The return journey must now be undertaken, for after the critical self-conscious stage is successfully established, following the appreciation of the Threefold World, there succeeds the task of mastery and subjection. "Matter must become the obedient servant of the Spirit."

(E) We come now to the crucial part of this exposition, for this step, the first on the return journey, corresponds to that usually associated with a "fourth" dimension—erroneously so called, for the process is clearly one involving the partial mastery of our three-dimensional world of the three planes, and is not a further excursion of Consciousness through another extension of Form.

To appreciate this stage it is necessary to pause here a moment in order first to understand clearly the mechanism involved in sense-response. Let us take the sense of sight as typical. On the physical level we "see" because the retina of the eye can reproduce the motion of light waves. It is this reproduction made by our appropriated vehicle that enables us to see, and if we examine it we shall find that, as our physical bodies are derived from animal forms, the visual reproduction amounts only to a picture in two dimensions, and this moreover is due entirely to light reflected from the *surface* of the object. So much for the mechanical process which represents but a part of the art of "seeing". To this part the man applies his mentality, and having acquired three-dimensional perception, at once interprets the simple picture in terms of perspective, imposing depth by the action of his mind.



Now consider the case of the man whose working consciousness includes the trained exercise of his subtler vehicle. The mechanism works similarly, but with a great increase of range, for the object is seen, not by means of an external light projecting a flat picture only, but by virtue of its own luminosity. With a corresponding vehicle as receiver, the content of the whole object is reproduced, consciousness thus being presented with a three-dimensional image !

The Point of Consciousness, which is the true Man, plays freely within his own vehicle, and views this image in any part, or as a whole, at will. The measure of his training will determine the accuracy of the reproduction and the value of his perception. In the process of developing this sight, it is obvious many an error of reading is certain. The standpoint assumed by the consciousness, wherefrom to view such a reproduction within its subtle vehicle, would naturally be the centre, and the whole interior of the image would be displayed to the consciousness at once. Front, back, sides, interior, are all equally perceived, and hence, even apart from the instability of the astral medium itself, there is abundant possibility of confusion and misunderstanding. Nature provides, however, a valuable corrective, which saves the situation.

Just as in the physical eye there is a minute spot on the retina of intense focal definition, the enormous benefits of which, by the way, we hardly now appreciate, so in the astral vehicle, all-responsive as it may be, there must be a centre of special visual sensitiveness. Playing through this localised centre, Consciousness gains clarity at the cost of some limitation—an expense, as is usual with Nature's bargains, very well

worth incurring. For instead of attempting the impossible task of grasping the three dimensions at once, as might be inferred, Consciousness masters only one dimension at a time. It *becomes* itself "depth," so to speak, and sees everything displayed in terms of two dimensions. Hence in the diagram (E), Consciousness is represented as being the dotted line (depth), and as seeing objectively only breadth and height.

The so-called fourth-dimensional consciousness is really a return to two-dimensional objectivity with the enormous acquisition of one dimension mastered. Consciousness has in short *become* a third part of its environment.

(F) This next step, the mastery of another dimension—breadth, is perhaps rather difficult to follow intellectually, though a simple illustration will assist. If (E) may be regarded as being equivalent to the exercise of astral sight, this step must be held to be equivalent to mental clairvoyance, in which two dimensions become subjective, one only remaining objective.

Take a page of print, and holding it so as to shorten it to extreme by looking almost at the bottom edge, the whole of the text is apparently rolled up into one line—one dimension. The experiment faintly suggests this stage, if it be further supposed that the expanded consciousness can read the whole as one line. At this stage two dimensions will have been mastered, and form phenomena reduced to one dimension only.

(G) Consciousness is here represented as having taken the final step of the series: the three dimensions have become subjective, and the Formless level is again attained. The Units are responsive to all within the limits of the Ring-pass-not, they are Masters of all the

forms of the Threefold World, embracing within themselves all the possibilities of the three modes of motion, the three extensions of matter. The Points are omnipresent, and hence have "become" the Sphere.

Consciousness has traced its way through the Kingdoms, encountering and grappling with the resistance of the Form World, apprehending its threefold character in successive stages. At the limit of its outward sweep Consciousness achieves awareness of itself, and proceeds to the mastery of the Forms in similar successive stages, inversely this time, by transmuting their extensions into terms of consciousness.

I submit, therefore, that the description "Fourth Dimension" is misleading, and tolerable only as a stop-gap; for that which it is intended to describe, so far from being a further extension of matter, is exactly the reverse, and indicates in reality the first great step towards the understanding and complete mastery of Matter by the Spirit.

E. L. Gardner

## THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

By "MERCURIAL"

WE have heard much of prophets and prophecies in connection with the present war. Passages from the Bible have been quoted—some of them remarkably apt—and ancient documents have been unearthed which seem to have a special bearing upon the world-shaking events of 1914. But it is not so generally realised that the war was frequently foretold by modern as well as ancient prophets—not only by writers who based their forecasts on a knowledge of military strategy and international politics, but by men and women now living, who use subtler methods of looking into the future.

I have by me, as I write, a copy of the *Occult Review*, a monthly magazine "devoted to the investigation of supernormal phenomena and the study of psychological problems," and well known, in spite of this alarming sub-title, for its sane and reasonable outlook. This copy is dated January, 1912, and in it the Editor refers to some previous remarks of his own concerning the horoscope of the German Emperor. It appears that the Kaiser's "stars" for the next few years were (at the then time of writing) extraordinarily adverse, indicating wars and general disasters of great magnitude. Having referred to this, the Editor goes on to say—and

from here I quote his article verbatim: "I do not wish to express an opinion as to the credibility of the prophecies of the French seeress, Madame de Thebes, but her references to Germany are at least worth quoting in this connection, if only for the curiosity of the coincidence. Here is what she says (I translate from her almanac for 1912):

Germany menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When war breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the war there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian hegemony. This is all Berlin will gain by her violence, and the brutality of her political methods. I have said and I repeat that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany. I say the years of his reign. I do not say the years of his life.

"Elsewhere the Parisian prophetess observes that everything points to the fact that as far as they (the French) are concerned it will not be possible to avoid the arbitrament of arms. The year 1913 seems to her to bring the crisis to maturity."

A similar astrological prophecy, more accurate in point of date, was published three years ago in *L'Echo du Merveilleux* (p. 521) from the pen of M. Larmier. It predicted "the fall of the House of Hohenzollern and of the German Empire in 1913 or 1914," and stated that Wilhelm II was "the last German Emperor of the House of Hohenzollern. If there is war in 1914 between France and Germany, France will be victorious."

It may, of course, be said that these two prophecies were influenced by the national sympathies and desires of the writers. This cannot be suggested with regard to the remarkable statements made by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society and author of *Esoteric Buddhism*, etc., in the October number of

*The Vahan* (the official organ of the Society in England and Wales). "In March, 1911," says Mr. Sinnett, "I gave a lecture to a large audience at the Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, embodying the information I had received a month or two previously. I kept notes of that information at the time of its reception (in January, 1911)."

Here are some verbatim extracts from the notes referred to:

The present German plan was not to annex Holland but to attack Belgium. There would ultimately be a general war in which Germany, including Austria and the Turks, would be opposed to Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy. The German Emperor was the centre of German hostility. He had some regard for his English kinsmen, but was the bitter enemy of the race. Bismarck was working on him, though he was not conscious of this. . . . The Kaiser's scheme contemplated a direct attack on and the conquest of England. He was not aiming at an indemnity, but he wanted to be crowned King of the British Empire. It was decreed that the issue of the great war would be on the side of the Allies. . . . It would be terrible for the German people.

Mr. Sinnett, like the French prophetess quoted, at first gave 1913 as the year of the war, which he was told would be "short, sharp and terrible". He goes on to say, however, that the Balkan War "drew off some of the mysterious unseen forces making for disaster," so that the great catastrophe was postponed, though not averted. "The time thus gained," he remarks, "was admirably made use of in the improvement of our navy, and in April, 1912, I was told that the danger of an actual invasion of England seemed practically over." Finally a note made in April, 1913, is quoted, as follows: "Germany was holding back, knowing the complete preparations of the *Entente* powers. If war began we should send 200,000 men to France to operate with the left wing."

Turning to another source, we find in *Modern Astrology* for January, 1914, (a monthly magazine "devoted to the search for truth concerning Astrology") a long article dealing with the probability of a great European War. The following extracts are of interest:

For several years there has been much talk about a European War, and with each succeeding year a large number of people have been expecting it to break out. Some students of Astrology have been carried away by this opinion, and seizing upon the minor influences of the war god, Mars, have unwisely predicted war. Hitherto we have abstained from all such predictions. . . . We are not and never have been fatalistic in our interpretation of the starry heavens. . . . We do not think a European War is bound to take place if the representatives of the nations *do not desire it*. . . . We have always held that it is unwise to make definite predictions that are evil, for the simple reason that, desire being father to the thought, a very strong desire carries with it the possibility of its fulfilment. We very strongly desire peace; not the peace-at-any-price which sacrifices strength and honour through weakness, but the peace that arises out of goodwill and mutual understanding. And we fail to see the necessity for war amongst nations who pretend to civilisation and enlightenment.

Having expressed this opinion, the writer goes on to speak of the year 1914 as "a year of tension," and examining in greater detail the planetary influences that prevail during its progress, he says:

The end will not be achieved without struggles for power in various parts of the world. . . . There will be foreign troubles and international rivalry and jealousy affecting the greater part of Europe, and it will be fortunate if there are not actual warlike measures undertaken and the movements of troops and warships.

In summing up, however, the writer comes to the conclusion that in spite of "the rising of Mars in the yearly horoscope," which will "stir up warlike talk, and even show indications of a war fever," the great European War is not inevitable in this year, and that though the stars may "incline" towards it, they do not "compel" a world-wide conflagration.

It has since been pointed out that this judgment ignored the fact that not only was Mars rising in the map for the summer solstice (which rules the succeeding three months), but that the fixed star Regulus was also rising, *in conjunction with* Mars. Regulus (or *α Leonis*) is a martial star of the first magnitude, and its effects are said to be of a "sudden and dramatic character". Further it may be noted that the eclipse of the Sun in Leo on August 21st fell on the exact place of Mars and Regulus at the summer solstice and in bad aspect to certain vital points in the horoscopes of the German Emperor, the King of Italy, and the Austrian Emperor. So ancient an astrologer as Junctinus has stated that a great eclipse of the Sun in Leo "presignifies the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain". So that, taking all things into consideration, there seems little room for doubt that in the case of the article in *Modern Astrology* in January, the Editor's own desire (for peace) was father to his thought.

In an earlier number of the same magazine (July, 1910) some extremely interesting forecasts were made with regard to certain Royal Horoscopes. It was said of our own King that he "will do all that lies in his power to avert war, but he will hardly escape a grave and serious probability of war during his reign". Of the Kaiser, that if he should enter into warfare, "France would be attacked and not England". And finally, the following striking sentences may be quoted in full :

The fate of the European nations hangs by the thread of the Emperor of Austria's nativity. The planet Mars in his nativity is exactly upon the ascendant of King George's nativity, therefore it is no idle prophecy to say that if a European war breaks out during the lifetime of these two



monarchs, the Emperor of Austria will be the direct cause of England being drawn into the struggle.

Another astrological prophet, writing more than a year ago in times of peace and plenty, certainly did not look upon the sunny side of things. In *Raphael's Almanac: or Prophetic Messenger*, for 1914 (published August 1st, 1913) we find indications of warlike troubles crowding thick and fast upon one another. "In July," he says, speaking of Great Britain, "the culmination of Mars threatens disputes with another Power." . . . "Serious trouble is threatened in France. Fires will be frequent and much crime will occur. There will also be danger of war." Speaking of the eclipse of the Sun, this writer says that, falling in the ninth house, it denotes "the profanation of holy places, churches and sacred buildings, captivity and ransacking of towns". Unlikely as this prophecy must have appeared at the time when it was made, one can only remark now that it was none too strongly worded. The same thing applies to the following forecast of affairs in Great Britain during the summer quarter (June 22nd to September 22nd): "Mars in the 2nd opposed to Jupiter is evil for the revenue; heavy expenditure, decrease of receipts and general depreciation in stocks and shares. . . . Agricultural affairs will benefit, the harvest yield will be good, and the weather generally propitious. . . . Uranus in the 6th is ominous of a dispute with a Foreign Power. . . . Shipping affairs will suffer. The affliction of Mars threatens the Government with serious financial troubles, and much and sudden depreciation in the nation's securities." Of the autumn quarter it is said that there will be "poverty and distress among the

poorer classes. . . . Aviation will be to the fore. . . . Hospitals will have their hands full. . . . The halfmast flag will be seen in the country."

But perhaps "Raphael's" most interesting remarks are those concerning the prevailing influences during 1914 in the horoscopes of the Crowned Heads of Europe. For King George he predicts "danger of war," and "much depression of trade and commerce". He goes on to say that "a critical period is forming for the fortunes of this country, but as the Sun meets the sextile of the radical Moon after it leaves the evil direction to Mars, it will be but the darkest hour before the dawn, and a brighter future awaits the Empire". The Kaiser is said to be "under very adverse directions, and danger both to health and person is indicated. . . . Indications of war and disaster are strongly marked. . . . A crisis is apparent in the history of the German Empire. . . . The terribly evil array of influences at the commencement of the year will leave their mark for many a long day to come." The Tsar is also said to be under "adverse influences," causing "much trouble in his Empire." The Emperor of Austria's directions are unmitigatedly evil. "Martial influences" are in operation in the King of Italy's horoscope. The Mikado of Japan "is now coming under some severe afflictions which will bring a crisis in his Empire. . . . War is probable and serious trouble". For the Queen of Holland "financial difficulties, increase of taxation and decreasing revenue" are denoted, and "the transit of Mars over the Moon is not conducive to peace". In the horoscope of the French President "indications of war are very powerfully shown," but "a more favourable time" will follow.

Two last prophecies may be quoted—one from *Zadkiel's Almanack* for 1914, which says, with regard to the summer quarter, that there is risk of a “serious crisis near at hand” in Prussia, France, and Italy, which might “develop alarmingly”. “The Eastern question is only too likely to destroy the harmony of the ‘Concert of Europe,’ and may incarnadine the Middle East. The 12th and 28th days (of June) will be very critical for Europe and Asia. Increase of armaments and a busy time for armourers and ironworkers will be experienced in England.”

It should be noticed that June 28th was the date on which the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated.

The other is from *Antares' Almanac* for 1913 (printed in October, 1912):

The Kaiser's Star Courses in 1913 and 1914 are brooding. . . . Such aspects as these will, we fear, impel him to declare war against either England or France in 1913 or 1914, and these aspects threaten him with heavy money loss. Disaster, therefore, will attend his military operations. Verily, the stars will be fighting against the German Emperor as they fought against Sisera of old, but it is especially on the sea that disaster will overtake him. . . . We regard 1913 and 1914 as the most critical and perilous years of the Kaiser's life, both for his health and fortunes.

Reading such words as these *now*, with minds attuned to the thought of war, they do not seem so startling; but if we can throw ourselves back in imagination to the pre-war days—how long ago!—when these words were *written and published*, their remarkableness becomes at once apparent. Many more might be cited, but the unanimity of opinion shown in the foregoing extracts (from eight distinct and absolutely independent sources) seems sufficiently noteworthy to merit consideration,

if not to compel belief. There is not one dissentient voice. Even the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, an avowed pacifist, goes so far as to speak of "movements of troops and warships" and "war fever"; and all the others harp insistently on the same theme. In every case their words were written long before the slightest shadow of the approaching war-cloud had made itself perceived by ordinary means. Those quoted here are probably only a small proportion of all who actually foresaw the bursting of the cloud in 1914, but they form a little group of certain witnesses to the fact that modern prophets can be wise before, and not only *after* the event, as sceptics fain would declare! All of them except one (Mr. Sinnett), based their predictions on astrological calculations, which should give pause to those who are apt to scoff at the bare idea that such calculations might have any value. The words of John Kepler, the famous astronomer, are worthy to be remembered in this connection: "A most un-failing experience of the excitement of sublunary natures by the conjunctions and aspects of the planets *has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief.*" Other noted men known to have been students of this science, which has been called "the soul of astronomy," are John Flamsteed, first Astronomer Royal, who cast an astrological figure for the founding of Greenwich Observatory; Roger Bacon, of whom Sir John Sandys said (when reading a paper before the British Academy on May 28th, 1914) that "on the subject of astrology he shared the belief almost universally held by all instructed men from the 13th to the 16th century"; Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer; and Dr. Richard Garnett, the well-known scholar, Keeper of

the Books at the British Museum, who was a convinced believer in planetary influences, and published a remarkable pamphlet called *The Soul and the Stars* under the pseudonym of A. G. Trent.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the very word *martial*, which we have heard and seen so frequently of late, carries with it the suggestion of a belief in astrology, though probably few who use it remember that, in doing so, they are referring to the influence of the planet Mars. Noteworthy, also, is the following sentence from a leading article in *The Observer* (September 13th, 1914). The writer is making an attempt to survey the military position from the German point of view, and having outlined the various causes which led up to the Prussian successes of 1870, he asks: "*Who could sanely hope that such a conspiracy of the stars would be renewed in favour of Germany?*" He spoke metaphorically, no doubt, but perhaps with more literal truthfulness than he knew, for astrologers unite in declaring, with no uncertain voice, that the "conspiracy of the stars"—happy phrase!—has *not* been renewed in favour of Germany.

It should be understood, however, that astrologers of the modern school—of whom there are more, among intelligent and educated people, than the general public suspects—are opposed to all "fatalistic" theories, although they may and do speak of "pre-disposing causes," tendencies, and so on. Like Roger Bacon, who (to quote Sir John Sandys again) was "profoundly convinced of the influence of the stars on the life of man," but held this conviction to be "perfectly consistent with the freedom of the will," they teach that all so-called "evil" influences can be turned, by the power of the

human will, to good account. None of the planets, they say, is in itself evil. The fiery energies of Mars, for instance, can be used by man, if he wills, in creative and inventive directions, instead of merely as a means for destruction; and they hold that these energies can and should be turned in the direction of "building up" rather than of "breaking down". Therefore, in the first resort the choice lies with man. He can either "rule" the stars or be "ruled by" them.

The forces of Mars, in these latter days, have been turned loose upon the world to ravage and destroy. None were found ready to resist them, or strong enough to divert them, by sheer enduring will-power, from evil channels into good. Large masses of the human race took the line of least resistance, and the fires of Mars were kindled rapidly, one after another, in all quarters of the globe. So strong was the initial impulse that, once let loose upon the world, only by martial response could the martial outpouring be repelled. It is scarcely necessary to offer an opinion as to where that initial impulse started. Enough to say that from it has resulted the hideous drama of suffering, death and destruction, now being enacted upon the stage of Europe before an astonished audience of gods and men. But even in the midst of all this horror there are evidences that the martial forces are not *in themselves* destructive and evil, but that their effect on the physical plane depends entirely upon the use made of them by man. The almost superhuman courage and endurance which has been shown in all parts of that vast and ever-shifting battleground bears witness to this fact, for—according to the world-old teachings of astrology—courage is the foremost gift bestowed upon man by the fierce, though

subtle, vibrations of the ruddy planet. Thus, when the martial influence is shown forth in the virtues of courage, enterprise, high adventure and heroic action, it is seen to be good. Only when man perverts it into the lower channels of greed, destruction and cruelty does it become evil. In this immense furnace that has been kindled by the unbridled martial vibrations playing through mankind, much is now being put to the test. Much evil is being purged away; much good is being cleansed and refined, to emerge at last as pure gold that has stood the test of fire. It is the belief of many that from this furnace of agony and grief mankind will arise regenerate, with strength seven times renewed—the strength that is based upon wisdom, suffering and experience, not upon brute compulsion—and that in future the forces of Mars will be used by man solely for creative and protective purposes. Never again, if the meaning of this lesson has been understood, if the import of this fierce trial has been fathomed, shall they be yoked to the unholy chariot of “Scientific War”.

“Mercurial”

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## THE THIRD OBJECT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By M. R. ST. JOHN

With the continuance of the war and the passing of so many hundreds of thousands "behind the veil," there is an increasing demand that that veil should be lifted, and an increasing longing for rational explanation of that which lies on the other side.--THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1916.

THESE remarks of our President, taken from the Watch-Tower, contain much food for thought, and it is probable that many Theosophists have been asking themselves some such questions as: "What have we done towards lifting the veil? In what manner have we contributed to the alleviation of the suffering of those whose husbands, fathers, lovers and friends have perished in this dreadful holocaust of human life?"

The writer was told by a former member, who since the commencement of the war has been engaged in most useful and helpful work among the thousands craving for knowledge, that this Society had failed in an important field of usefulness; that whereas spiritualists were certainly "dabblers," Theosophists were merely "babblers". This soft impeachment could not be denied off-hand, for, with so few of its members possessing first-hand knowledge, the Theosophical Society cannot be of much real assistance to those who



have suffered bereavement through the terrible carnage in this war ; yet, if our extensive propaganda previous to this conveyed anything, it did lead people to expect that we were more than mere theorists, something more than pious individuals striving to lead noble and unselfish lives.

The thousands who are suffering want real help ; they do not want to be told " what we have been told " ; they do not want to hear about rounds, races, monadic evolution and the Buddhic plane ; but they do want to know about their lost ones and the after-death conditions.

It is regrettable that we have such a limited number of members who are sufficiently developed and trained to be of any real use in helping to answer this insistent cry for light, this ever increasing demand for some one who knows and does not merely repeat ; gramophones are useful in some cases, but not for what is now required. Further, there are some who believe that one of the lamentable results of this prodigious war will be an increase of agnosticism, while others are of opinion that the tendency, on the whole, will be in the opposite direction ; but it is for us to consider seriously what part the Theosophical Society has taken in discounting the former, and surely, with such examples as it is our privilege to have in our ranks, no greater incentive should be necessary for us to try and follow in their footsteps.

Now if we ask ourselves why this is so, we shall find that the reason is nothing more or less than a neglect of the Society's Third Object. For many years past we have been so much concerned with the First Object and with ideals of service, that we have overlooked the necessity for extending the consciousness

and for improving the vehicles that we use in such service; and it has to be borne in mind that a considerable expansion of consciousness must take place before even the First Object of the Theosophical Society (a belief in which is obligatory on those joining it) can be truly realised as a cosmic fact. To believe in universal brotherhood is one thing, to know it is another; and while mere belief is apt in some cases to imply a doubt, in this instance it cannot be so, for both reason and logic are on our side; yet, whereas actual knowledge can only be acquired when the seeker can function consciously on the higher planes, a very superficial acquaintance with super-physical conditions will take us some way towards the goal of realisation.

Now with regard to the powers latent in man, we need constantly to remind ourselves of the task before us, that task being "to build out of the substance of each world a body in which we can live and function consciously and intelligently," and this task not only cannot be evaded, but is one we must undertake for ourselves.

If there are any who think that such faculties, *siddhis*, and powers, are gratuitous, they are labouring under a delusion; we have had to make our own physical bodies what they are, the present complicated piece of animal mechanism being the result of æons of struggle in the past; it is the most efficient vehicle we possess, and we have got to proceed apace with the improvement and efficiency of the others. This, however, is no light task, being one that requires the will to persist, indomitable courage, and a realisation that disillusionment in many of our most cherished

ideas is always accompanied by a proportionate amount of distress and consequent discouragement.

What has to be avoided is any lop-sidedness in development such as would ensue if reasoning and mental faculties were allowed to atrophy; and while there is frequently a tendency among those of a devotional temperament rather to despise mentality, it must not only be borne in mind that this latter is meant to be the acquisition of the Fifth Root Race, but that the Sixth Race which is to follow will possess great mental capacity coupled with the development of the Buddhic principle, the knowledge of the unity of all things.

For this last to be of use, it must be accompanied by the ability to make it a positive principle instead of a mere negativity; and the Theosophical Society, if it means to keep its place among the pioneers of modern thought and spiritual evolution, should be careful to see that its Third Object is not neglected, but synchronised with the First and Second. It ought not to remain contented with an academical position, it ought not to be satisfied with theoretical knowledge only, it must produce more than students, it must give birth to occultists.

It has been said that this Society is merely a "kindergarten" for embryo occultists; and there does seem a certain amount of justification for this belief, for, while the largest of all schools is the world itself, it would be better if the Society were in a position to prove its claim to be a transition school from the latter to something higher, instead of by its attitude helping to confirm the belief that it is merely a preparatory institution.

There is an idea that the key-note of the future is to be SERVICE, and that so long as you are doing some physical act, even of the simplest kind and requiring no mental energy, you will be all right; this may be so, but while these simple acts can be done by anyone, the Master's service requires capacity of a higher kind as well, and surely They want followers who can do things that cannot be done by ordinary people.

It is obvious that a good deal of service which members of the Society succeed in doing moderately well could be far more efficiently performed by people who are not Theosophists, and we should not delude ourselves by imagining that the Masters and Their disciples would preferably give such work to the former because they were members of the Theosophical Society.

They surely want us for special work, work that cannot be so effectually done by other people, and it is because of this that special training is so essential; it is vital to our future that the Third Object of the Society should not be neglected, it is imperative that we should substitute the essential for the non-essential, the more important for the less important; for, if we do not, the Society will fail of the purpose for which it was instituted, and run the risk, like all outworn, superseded, and obsolete mechanisms, of being "scrapped".

Those Great Ones who are responsible for the work of the Logos never waste energy; They are true economists of nature's mighty forces, of the great cosmic energies, and we have been told again and again that when They employ human beings (not necessarily Theosophists) for certain work, They are quite sure that the capabilities of these employees justify the amount of time and energy spent on them.

This article is not intended to apply to the Indian Section of the Society, but to its European portion ; it has been written with the object of inviting attention to a part of our work which has certainly been neglected, if not, in some instances, regarded with a certain amount of disapproval.

M. R. St. John

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## FRANK SAXON SNELL

### A REMINISCENCE

FOR the time being, the T. S. on the physical plane has lost one of its most brilliant and promising intellects. Snell was "out" to dispel the enervating illusion, too common among F. T. S., that *The Secret Doctrine* is too difficult for beginners, and only fit to be spoken of with bated breath as an object of veneration. Snell resolutely maintained that anyone who took the trouble to try and discover what H. P. B. meant by her striking phrases, could help himself and humanity more effectively by this means than by swallowing wholesale the predigested pabulum adorning the book-stalls at lectures. At the same time he ignored the contempt in which "pure" study is often held by the busybody, contending that study for its own sake was just as much a service to humanity as gifts of coals and blankets, and was only cramped by the imposition of popular standards of utility.

As witness to the soundness of these views of his, stand the Isis Lodge, *Students' Notes*, and *Extracts from The Secret Doctrine*; to say nothing of the many dogma-shy enquirers who have been encouraged by his bold sincerity and virile insight to set to work for themselves and "prove all things". The Motto he chose for his spiritual child, the Isis Lodge, was characteristic of his unassuming genius: "Help Nature and work on with her." He abhorred violence in every form, as much for its stupidity as for its futility; after the war broke out he once said to me: "I am disgusted to find that people think more of me just because I have been in the volunteers." He has slung his pebble of protest at this Goliath of warfare, but the insatiable monster has claimed his young body and priceless brain.

B.

## A DREAM

*25 November, 1915, 5 a.m.*

THE crossing had been rough. It was going on to sunset when we landed, my wife and I, under the chalk cliffs of the old country. A motor met us at the pier and our friends remarked on our temerity in deciding to pay them a short visit when Zeppelins and aeroplanes had been almost daily visitors. Up till then I had had but vague ideas of the effect of aerial bombs. I had felt in my veins a general recklessness; an idea that, should Zeppelins or aeroplanes menace the vicinity in which I was, I would in all probability take a sporting chance of being hit, and remain at some point of vantage, where I could observe "the fun," which at any rate, I calculated, would be a matter of something under a quarter of an hour.

After a short drive we arrived at our destination. Our friends were installed in a modern and conspicuous hotel situated at the extreme left of the town and perched on a cliff overlooking the sea.

Leaving our luggage to be gradually brought up by porters, we made our way up some steep steps to the hotel. The sun was just setting in a mouse-coloured atmosphere through which some dim rose rays illumined the loftier points of the outlook. As we turned the corner of that wing of the hotel in which our

rooms had been prepared, my eyes discerned in the far distance the apparently immobile horizontal outline of a Zeppelin, hovering far away at a great height, but not pointing in our direction. The excitement of this, to me, novel sight was not shared by those who accompanied me. "There will be more murders to-night," they said sadly, and advised me to take shelter as soon as possible. At that moment, just as we were about to enter the large glass doors opening on to the garden, I saw a speck that I presently made out to be an aeroplane heading for us like some great bird of prey. On calling my friends' attention to it, they shouted to me to get quickly under cover, and themselves took to their heels down the paths that led to the main building. At this moment, and while fascinated by the sight of the oncoming enemy, I lost sight of my wife, who must have either run indoors or followed her friends. I could not stir from where I was. I felt it was unlikely that over so broad an area as that speck covered, the particular number of square yards occupied by the hotel were necessarily menaced, and I was eagerly anxious to see all that might happen. I must have remained five minutes thus, the great bird above growing each moment larger and clearer in the last rays of the sun, when suddenly I seemed to see something drop from it, as when a gull at sea drops the bit it has gathered in the wake of a ship. After an appreciable interval a dull and prolonged roar, followed by a confused jumble of sounds, far greater than I could even have imagined from a cause so small to the eyes, met my ears. These sounds, the realisation that awful things had happened in that instant, the instinct of self-preservation, and the general sense of fear that



comes from an incapacity to measure the unknown, drove me into the house, my last sight of the aeroplane being that it was heading straight for our direction and was gradually getting lower as it approached. I had barely time to cross the large entrance hall, to pass down a passage, to enter another room, and, instinctively, to place myself beneath the arch of a big doorway leading beyond this, when I heard a crash of broken glass and shattered timber, and then the most frightful, deep, bellowing explosion that I have ever experienced, and that nearly knocked me down. After this came a deluge of splinters, of shattered glass, of flying bits of wood, masonry, iron, accompanied by sounds of running, shrill cries of women, imprecations and hoarse cries of men, and other sounds of rushing hither and thither, doors slamming and general outcry.

Not two feet from my head a hard metallic substance had hit the wall and driven in the decorative stucco panel far into the plaster ; elsewhere bits of ceiling had fallen, and some of the furniture showed raw edges. A general feeling of relief ensued on my rather ingenuous assembling of my wits as to my own state. I was quite unharmed. My thoughts at once flew to my wife. Where was she ? was she safe ? After that : who and what was damaged ? what had this bomb done ? Next : does an aeroplane repeat its bombs in the same place ? is it not carried on hundreds of yards by its own impetus ? are we not therefore safe at present at any rate ? These thoughts presented themselves in succession but in an almost simultaneous flash. I decided to verify them at once. I crossed the room, stepping unheedingly over what I vaguely saw were ornaments, vases, and furniture upset about the room.

There was no door to open, it had been blown in. I crossed the hall and approached the glass doors, they were but mangled frames; I passed through them, and before me I saw on my right a shapeless claret-coloured mass and a top hat, and beyond, a chasm where once there had been the noble flight of steps that led up to the entrance hall. This gave me the first idea of what a bomb meant, and what it can do. The shapeless mass had been a man, just about to leave the hotel; he had been dressed in frock coat, grey trousers, and top hat. The latter, by a freak of irony, was jauntily perched, practically undamaged, at a certain angle on its brim on the remains of a polished floor, and near it its owner covered, in an amorphous lump, about a square yard of ground. No distinguishing feature of any limb could be seen. Just a large wet mass of black and dark red that suggested nothing human, but that the mind realised had been a man a few moments before. He was the sole victim, and subsequent newspaper reports of the event revealed how little we realise these things, since the damage done was comparatively small, a matter of a flight of stairs, a landing, and some doors, windows, and furniture; and the victim one only, a stranger arrived that afternoon and staying in the hotel. By another way I reached the garden, and found that my wife had been with our friends and was quite safe, and the porters below, having seen the aeroplane proceed on its way and themselves being undamaged, were gradually bringing up our luggage from the motor, and in the most matter-of-fact way conveying our belongings to our rooms. The Zeppelin was no longer visible in the distance. Either it had gone away, or the dusk that had intervened

had blotted it from our sight. Very soon the damaged part of the hotel and its gruesome victim were boarded off from the public access, and the arrival of a chambermaid with a hot water can, and a waiter enquiring for our orders for dinner, tended to restore the normal course of existence. Only the memory, the clear, precise memory of experience undergone, survived.

W. H. K.

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## RELATIVITY

By TAGULO <sup>1</sup>

IN August 1914, when the European War broke out, I expected a hard time. I was an artist, and earned only sufficient to live without luxury, even in the best of times. Ruin stared me in the face, for of course very few people buy pictures in war time. What to do I did not know. I was already too old to become a soldier, and was not capable of learning another art or science. Happily I was not a husband, and had no relations who looked to me for the necessaries of life: at the same time I had no relations to whom I might turn for help.

With these thoughts in my head I was walking along the promenade at Brighton. How indifferent seemed all the people to my troubles.

"Hello! Is it you, Berrie?" some one said.

I stopped and found an old friend.

"What are you doing here, Jackson?" I greeted him.

"I have lived here in Brighton for two years," he replied. And for some time we walked together, speaking of affairs in common, old friends and so on. He was a man of independent means, and therefore could give his life to the study of any art or science,

<sup>1</sup> Translated by H. Hyams from the original in Esperanto.

having acquired his present happy position by means of hard work in his youth and a wonderful knowledge of chemistry. He was indeed an experienced and inventive chemist. Although very remarkable on account of his intellect, yet his appearance was quite ordinary for a man forty years of age. But his black hair had already begun to turn grey. He did not wear a beard or moustache, and that suited his face, which was hardened and firm. By his clothes one would not guess who he was: perhaps a holiday-maker, perhaps a bank-clerk, but certainly not a fashionable man of means. I had not seen him for five years, yet he had not changed in appearance, or in kindness. With sympathetic questions he drew out of me my troubles. "How I shall live through the next coming months during the war, I do not know," I finished.

"Come with me for a long holiday, and I promise you it will cost you nothing," he said.

Now I have always had a strong feeling against accepting any great good from anyone not a relation: I don't know why. Perhaps I was educated in that way. My first impulse was to refuse, but I was silent and began to wonder why I should not accept. It is more blessed to give than to receive: we must help each other—receive help at the right time as well as give it. Having thought this, I found myself saying that he was very kind.

"Then you will come," he said. "Bring your bag to my house to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning and tell your landlady that you won't be back for eight months."

I agreed, and he gave me his card, on which an address was written, and in a little while we parted;

he went to the wealthy quarter, and I to the poor part of the town.

Jackson lived in a house that stands on the cliffs at the east end of Brighton, in the Promenade; it faces the sea. Its exterior is quite ordinary—yellow stucco, with a large cornice in the style which flourished in Brighton a hundred years ago. Hundreds of those houses one can see there.

Having knocked at the door, I gave my name to his servant. He gravely led me upstairs to a front room, and there asked me to await Jackson. When he had gone I had a look at the room, and the first thing that caught my attention was a large lamp. Never before had I seen a lamp which had such a large bowl for oil: it greatly astonished me. In other things the room was not remarkable, except for a lack of carpet on the floor, a beautiful simplicity, spaciousness, and a fine bay window, through which one could very well see the surroundings. Indeed the floor did not need a carpet, because it was made of fine narrow oak battens. It would be a shame to cover them with a carpet that collects all kinds of dirt, I thought.

When Jackson came in, I noticed that he also carried a bag. When we had greeted each other, he called his servant.

“Bring Mr. Berrie’s bag here,” he said.

I wondered at that, but did not say anything. In a few seconds his servant came back with it.

“We are going to travel for eight months,” said Jackson to him, “and during our absence look after the house in the usual way, doing what you always do when I am away. I will lock the door of this room and you must let no one enter. Now take this letter to

the address on the envelope. When you return we shall have gone. Here is a cheque for your salary. Good-bye."

His servant departed, and immediately Jackson went to the window, drew down some of the blinds, and waited, watching through a spy hole on to the road. I now noticed that the blinds were very strong, and that each had in the middle a design in which was cleverly worked a spy hole covered by a flap. Jackson, having raised the flap, still watched through one of these holes. As the light came through the upper part of the windows, I was able to take a good look at my friend. Yes, he had not changed at all. He had just the same firm features; the lips tightly closed, the eyes bright and the chin strong; his body was just as straight and upright.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Jacob, my servant," he replied, and a little after added: "There he goes."

Having watched him disappear, he turned to the large lamp on the table, lit it, pulled down all the blinds of the window, and locked the door. Why he did all this I could not imagine.

"Have you much to do before starting?" I asked.

"I wish to explain," he said; "now listen."

I nodded and he continued. "You know that I have always experimented and have made many valuable chemical discoveries? Yes, and you think that for a long time now I have given up all that. However, you and the scientific world are wrong. I let you believe it, so as to leave myself free to study in peace and quietness. And indeed, I have studied and experimented during the last few years."

He was silent a moment, and pointed to rows of books and manuscripts. Then he continued. "Doubtless you have read the story by Wells, in which a man discovers a drug that quickens the life of him who drinks it?"

I nodded and he went on. "I have found out something better than that. I have found two mixtures of gases: one which quickens life, and one which slackens it."

He spoke all this in quite a calm way, and for a moment the full meaning of his words did not strike me. But little by little I began to understand.

"You are certain?"

"Quite certain," he replied, and going to a cupboard, took out two little globes made of thin india-rubber, as large as an orange. He put them on the table before me. I looked at them, and then at the white table-cloth, whose design was plainly visible in the lamplight. That design bit into my brain, so that I can see it even now.

"What would they do?" I asked, pointing to the india-rubber balls.

"If you breathe in the gas inside, you will live eight months in eight hours," he replied, giving me one.

I took it in my right hand. It was brown and very similar to the coloured air-balls with which children play. It had the same little piece at the place where it was blown up and tied with cotton when filled.

"How do you breathe in?" I asked.

"Thus," he replied, putting the piece with the cotton to his lips.

I put it to my mouth.



"Having emptied the lungs by breathing out, bite through the piece tied with cotton and breathe in," he said.

But I suddenly felt afraid, and threw away the little balloon, which went jumping along on the table and rolling on the white table-cloth.

"Let us breathe in the gas and escape the next eight months, which cannot give us anything. If you live through them, will you be able to paint in Belgium? Will you sell pictures?"

"No," I replied.

"Here are two little globes: choose which you will, and I will also breathe in from the other at the same time as you," he suggested, while I took the little ball.

I had nothing to lose, except my life, and that had become a burden. On the other hand, if I could live till the end of the War, perhaps everything would be well. Without further thought, I put the little ball in my mouth, breathed out, bit through the piece tied with cotton, and breathed in the gas.

"Good man!" said Jackson. "You have done well. Now look at the clock."

I looked at it and saw that the large hand was going round very rapidly.

"While we live through one second that clock lives through twelve minutes," he said, "and while we live through one minute, it lives through twelve hours."

The clock was quite an ordinary one, such as one often sees, made of some kind of black marble in the form of a Greek temple. While I was looking at it, the large hand drew near to the twelfth hour, and exactly when

it came to the figure twelve, I heard one stroke instead of twelve.

"It struck twelve," said Jackson, "but it sounded like one, didn't it? Now come to the window and look through the spy holes at the sun."

I did so, and saw the sun rise and fly across the sky very quickly.

"How long does the sun take from sunrise to sunset?" I asked.

"Only one minute," he said.

Immediately he had spoken, it suddenly became night and I saw many electric lights. The moon rose and raced after the sun to the west, together with the constellations. It was a strange sight for me. . . .

I noticed that the stars flew quicker than the moon. Now they rose, flew west and fell. Suddenly it was day, and the sun again raced across the sky. It made me a little giddy to look long. Often it became day with a grey sky. When clouds came, I seldom noticed from where: suddenly they appeared, grouped together kaleidoscopically, parted and flew away, or stayed a muffled grey mass. Sometimes, when the sun fell to the horizon, the clouds suddenly pulsed redly like glowing coals, and immediately afterwards all was black except for the silver stars which flew westward to the spot.

Thus I looked at the minute days and nights.

"What do you think of it?" asked Jackson.

"I understand better what *Time* is."

"Yes," he said, "time depends on movement, and movement depends on space. If while we slept the whole visible universe suddenly shrank to the size of a walnut, or swelled a thousandfold, we, waking, would

not notice any change, if the change had also affected us. At the present time the gas has changed only you and me, therefore we see wonderful things ; but if that gas worked on the whole universe, then no one would see a change. Everything in the world is relative."

"Then our senses are not dependable?" I asked.

"No, they are not. Come with me," he said, leading me to a little side door which opened into a little room with a high window of obscured glass. At the wall was a basin where he apparently experimented with his chemicals. There was a tap for water, which he touched with a quick movement, and in a second the basin was full of water, although ordinarily one would have had to wait more than two minutes for it to fill. I put my hand in the water, but felt none, only a cold air. When I drew my hand out, it was immediately dry.

We went back to the room, and Jackson drew an eider down feather from a cushion. He held it on high and suddenly let it fall. As quick as lightning it was on the floor: I did not see it fall. Again and again he did the same thing, but every time the feather fell too quickly for us to see.

"It falls very quickly," I said.

"Yes, relatively to our movements. We now move very slowly, therefore we think that the feather moves quickly. But it is only relative," he explained.

We then went to the window and looked on to the road. It appeared empty, but for a few seconds I saw a cab with one horse. The head of the horse was not clear, and that was on account of its movements, Jackson explained. Often I saw for one or two seconds blurred black phantoms which immediately

disappeared. In answer to my query Jackson said that they were men who had stopped to have a few minutes chat.

"The sea is very calm, is it not?" I asked, not being able to see any waves.

"No," he replied. "We cannot see the waves because they are moving extremely quickly."

I now noticed that the ships seemed to fly across the sea; in a few seconds they came, and then were gone, almost like phantoms. Once I saw a sleeping cat on the balcony outside one window, but only for a few seconds; at another time I saw a ladder at our balcony, and a black mist came to the window for about three seconds.

"My servant was cleaning the window then," said Jackson. "Now you see why I have had to take so much care to stop him seeing in here."

"Yes, but suppose that he was able to look in; what would he see?" I asked.

"He would see what looked like wax figures. However quickly we moved, he would see us almost motionless, relatively to his world. Everything is relative; truth, beauty and goodness; time, space and movement; weight and size; colours, sounds, and everything."

While he was speaking I thoughtlessly filled my pipe with tobacco and tried to light a match. But instead of burning in the usual way, it simply became one large electric spark, giving a nasty pain to my fingers.

"You cannot smoke an ordinary pipe now," said Jackson. "Even if you could light it, it would only burn two seconds."

"What is the time—I mean day?" I asked.

In reply he pointed to the large glass bowl of the lamp in which the oil was stored, and I noticed that on the side was marked the calendar. The line of oil surface could be seen through the glass at the day: 20th of September.

The rest of that time (eight hours for us, but for the outside world eight months) we passed by chatting and reading. In spite of the special ventilation, I noticed that the dust was beginning to lie on the white table-cloth. I became hungry, but Jackson would not let me eat. He would not risk the experiment, he said. Besides he had no food in the room. Once I tried to paint; but I did not succeed, because the water immediately dried. However, I made two fair pencil pictures of Jackson; they both are good portraits, and one I shall never sell, but always keep as a memento of that time. It stands before me now as I write.

"If you often live thus in this slowness, you will remain young while the world grows old?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "But I also use the accelerator, and that of course makes a man age."

And thus we chatted. I did not notice when the gas had worked off, but suddenly I saw that Jackson was smoking. At once I understood. We drew up the blinds, opened the windows, and let in the beautiful April air. It was broad daylight, and many people were out walking on the road and sea beach. I was glad to see them after a world of phantoms. My holiday was finished.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days after, I again paid Jackson a visit. He promised me that I should breathe in the "quickener".

But that, he said, was a much more serious affair than the "slackener".

"Remember that you will move extremely quickly —so quickly that no one will see you. Even if you stay motionless for a whole minute, that will be for the world only a quarter of a second; therefore you will be as a phantom.

We put on special asbestos clothes; the boots had wide soles and the head-piece special eye apparatus. Everything was made of asbestos, because, explained Jackson, our rapid movement through the air would set light to us if we were not protected.

He put in my hand one of the globes, and taking one for himself, we both at the same time breathed in. We were ready.

"See!" said Jackson, while he poured water in a saucer. That simple act took a long time, because the water seemed like some thick mixture. However, finally the saucer was filled and Jackson held it out in his hand. Suddenly he took away the saucer and left the water in the air, and then put back the saucer under the fluid.

"It did not have time to fall," he said, taking a cup, which he left floating in the air. It fell very slowly, as if a piece of down.

"You see that everything moves extremely slowly relatively to us," he said, taking the cup and putting it back on the table. "Everything is relative."

We now awaited the arrival of his servant Jacob, to take away the dinner things.

"Remember that we move 240 times quicker than the rest of the world. Therefore, if you keep quite still for one minute, they will see you in the world

for a quarter of a second," said Jackson. "Here he comes."

Looking at the door I saw that it was opening extremely slowly, perhaps we waited for four minutes before Jacob finally stood in the doorway. We could see that he moved by his appearance and gestures: he looked like a moving figure in a photograph, and we carefully watched him, while we walked backwards and forwards in the depth of the room. He was a strange sight; very like a wax figure who wanted to get to the table. At the end of about eight minutes he got to the table, and meanwhile Jackson explained things to me.

"Everything in nature moves," he said, "everything vibrates. Light is vibrations of ether. The densest object which we know is also vibrations, and compared with ether, is as nebulous as a gas; ether is a dense solid in which the world is, as it were, only a soap bubble. There are different kinds of ether. There is what we call "thought ether" and "emotion ether". And at the present moment, when you and I vibrate so rapidly, thanks to the gas, it is easier to be conscious of quicker vibrations, namely, the thought ether. Just as some men are not conscious of certain vibrations which we call red colour, so in the same way the ordinary man cannot see the higher vibrations which we call thoughts. *You and I can now see them. Look carefully at Jacob's forehead*".

I looked at the servant. He was a man of about fifty years, with side whiskers: his head was bald. He was dressed as a waiter, and appeared quite similar to any other man of his class. Bending over the table he held in his hand some plates, looking exactly like a wax figure, on account of his frozen movements. I

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looked at his forehead, and little by little, more and more clearly, I saw a grey-blue mist form in the air before him, in which gradually appeared a picture of a billiard table at which a man was playing with three balls. The green cloth of the table looked very beautiful with the bright red ball and the clean white ones. Apparently the man played quickly and cleverly, now stopping to chalk his cue and now thinking out his next shot. The whole thing was like a little beautifully coloured kinema picture, very clearly defined.

"Yes," said Jackson, "Jacob is a billiard player and an expert at the game. He is now thinking doubtless of his last night's game. Take care! Move about."

Having become interested in the thought-picture of Jacob, we, especially myself, had remained quite still, and we now saw with disappointment that the eyes of the servant were fixed on us. After a little while, when we had moved about, there slowly came on to his face an expression of astonishment; he left the plates in the air, where they slowly floated to the table, and broke in pieces. Slowly his hand went to his heart and slowly he began to sit down.

"Let us go," said Jackson. "He thinks that he has seen a ghost."

Having passed out of the door, I looked back and saw that Jacob was still beginning to sit down.

It was a strange sight that met us on the road: there were many people, but all seemed to be frozen. I should not have noticed that they were moving if I had not watched them with care. The motor cars looked most absurd; we could see the top part of the wheels going round, and although the car itself was



going at a snail's pace, yet the people inside seemed very proud of the speed they were travelling.

Of course no one took any notice of us, because they could not see us, we moved too quickly. We went on the beach where some niggers were singing. It was strange to see how laughable were their frozen gestures. The voices sounded very objectionable, something like slow beats on a drum.

"Yes," said Jackson, "sounds are vibrations, the same as colours. To those niggers my voice is not now audible, because I am vibrating too rapidly for their senses. It is the same with us, we cannot properly hear their voices because they are vibrating with another speed. Everything is relative."

I now looked at the sea and I saw that the waves were motionless.

"Follow me and do as I do," said Jackson.

He then went to the sea and by small, quick, sliding steps moved forward on the waves.

"Take care that you do not fall, because the waves are very slippery," he said.

I did as he said, and found that the sea seemed like a peaty bog, in that if I stayed still, I slowly sank; but with my boots with wide soles I could walk fairly quickly.

"Be careful that you do not stop moving your feet," Jackson warned me.

After a little while I found that the going was very pleasing, and we walked to the end of the pier on the deep sea, remarking on the way that the wings of the sea gulls were apparently motionless. At the pier many people were bathing, and it was a strange sight to see them dive into the sea—a dive that lasted perhaps

four minutes, as far as I remember. On my way back to the beach I suddenly fell and rolled into a wave valley. I tried to raise myself with my hands, but immediately my fingers went under, and then the whole hand. I pulled them out, and Jackson came and helped me up. When we got going again, I found that I left behind me a long streak of steam, and that was caused by the warming of the water on my hand.

Many people were on the beach, here some with everlasting smiles, here a man taking an apparently eternal bite at a banana, and here a child playing with the sand.

"Do you know anyone?" asked Jackson.

I looked for a long time, but found no friends. At last I saw a man who sat on a deck chair smoking a large cigar and looking dreamily at the sea.

"I know him," I said. "He bought some pictures from me five years ago, and in no way can I make him pay. I shall never get my money."

Then Jackson did something which greatly astonished me. He walked up to that man and said: "Allow me to take from your pocket the money which you owe to the artist Berrie."

"How much is it, Berrie?" he said to me.

"Ten pounds," I replied, while Jackson had already taken from the man's coat pocket some bank notes. He gave me one for ten pounds, and put back the rest in the pocket.

Now I have always paid great respect to the law, and therefore I wanted to argue with Jackson and explain to him that we were doing something criminal.

"We are not honest," I said.

"Honesty is relative. The honesty of antiquity becomes criminal for us moderns. Everything is relative," he said, and adding a good-bye to the man who still sat like a wax figure, looking dreamily at the sea, he suggested that we should go home.

"But fold up the bank note and cover it with your closed hand so that the air cannot reach it, otherwise it will burn," he advised.

On the way we saw two dogs fighting. A large one had caught a smaller one by the cheek, tearing the flesh away from its eye. It was an ugly sight. We could see that the dogs were moving, but at first they seemed also frozen. Round about stood men with raised sticks and stones, as is usual in dog fights; but Jackson took no notice of them, and having walked to the larger dog, he with his hands opened its mouth for perhaps two minutes, so that the smaller dog could escape. I was indeed sorry that I could not there and then make a sketch of that scene with so many splendid models. Afterwards Jackson very slowly rolled the dog over, away from its victim, and after about another ten minutes we saw that it again was chasing the smaller one. Then Jackson again slowly rolled it over and thus let the little dog escape. The whole affair took such a long time that I had time to note all the details, and I afterwards made a splendid picture of it.

"We must now make haste," said Jackson.

Reaching the house we went to the dressing room and took off our asbestos clothes. Then we found that the accelerating gas had worked off; we were again normal.

"The whole thing from start to finish has taken only half a minute," said Jackson, leading me to the dining room, where we found that Jacob had just sat down in the chair, and was looking at the broken plates before him.

"What is the matter?" asked Jackson entering the room.

"I thought I saw you and Mr. Berrie standing at the end of the room," said the frightened Jacob. "But immediately I caught sight of you, you both suddenly disappeared." And again he looked at the same place, as if he thought he would again see a ghost.

"Nonsense!" said Jackson.

Suddenly there came to me the thought that all of what I had just experienced was only a dream. I ran to the dressing room, found my asbestos suit, and looked at the globes. There were a few salt crystals on them where the sea water had dried, and beside them lay the ten-pound note.

Tagulo



## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Ahīrbudhnya Samhitā of the Pāñcarātra Āgama.* Edited for the Adyar Library by M. D. Rāmānujācārya under the supervision of Dr. F. O. Schrader. Two volumes. (Adyar Library, Adyar, 1916. Price Rs. 15.)

This latest publication of the Adyar Library is of the greatest importance. Once an imposing system of philosophy held sway over an extended region of India. It is called the Pāñcarātra or Bhāgavata system. Its origins are lost in the obscurity of the past. It is thought that it originated in the North of India and spread southwards. In the Marāṭha country something like Pāñcarātra worship seems to have existed as early as the first century before Christ. Two short expositions of this system have been published; the one by Sir R. G. Bhandarkar in vol. III of the *Encyclopaedia of Indo-Aryan Research*, the other by A. Govindācārya in the volume for 1911 of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Nevertheless very little is as yet known about it. After a long and successful career the system dwindled and became almost extinct and forgotten, save in some restricted circles of Southern India where it is still studied and expounded as a living faith. Outside the Madras Presidency its literary remains are almost unknown and have practically disappeared. Only a very few of its written works can be found in libraries other than the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library at Madras, the Tanjore Palace Library and the Adyar Library. Manuscripts of its important texts are almost totally absent outside India. How important it is, therefore, that patient research has resulted in the knowledge that at least 200 Samhitās (textbooks or compositions, compendia) must once have formed the body of what may be called the canonical Pāñcarātra literature. Of these only some ten have ever been published in India, mostly by obscure presses, and they have

stayed outside the domains of the organised book trade, so as to remain practically unknown to the international Orientalist public. Besides, they have been mostly printed in vernacular scripts on poor paper, and are generally of a very imperfect get-up. Several are sold out and all are difficult to get. They have re-become printed MSS., as it were, which have never been easily and generally accessible. The Adyar Library has for years past collected MSS. of this remarkable literature and now possesses copies of some 25 of these Samhitās, which are thus permanently saved from final extinction. It may be added that in addition to this Samhitā class of Pāñcarātra literature there are an appreciable number of secondary and tertiary works, of a derived nature, which may be classed as commentaries, digests, essays and extracts. The total canonical literature once extant must have been colossal in bulk, indeed. It is calculated as perhaps having measured over 1,500,000 shlokas. All this literature was practically unknown until a few years ago, and Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, quoted above, writing in 1913, knew as yet of only two Samhitās, of which one was, furthermore, a spurious one. As to date, the bulk of this literature is put as probably having come to its final completion before the eighth century A.D., without precise indications as to any date of its inception, which may be many centuries earlier. The Adyar Library was therefore well advised in publishing one of the most typical, interesting and important of these Samhitās, one which, furthermore, was as yet wholly unknown in Europe, not a single MS. of it having reached that continent, which can otherwise truly boast of its rich treasures of Sanskrit MS. literature. The choice of the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā for this first publication was also determined by the consideration that it is evidently one of the older Samhitās and that it mainly deals with the theoretical part of the system. Students of Indian philosophy will find it replete with interest, and the specialist will be grateful for the excellent way in which sufficient material is now put before him to commence the study of an entirely new field of enquiry in his department.

The material execution of the work leaves nothing to be desired, and the Vasantā Press, which is responsible for this

part of the work, may be proud of having turned out this bulky work in a manner which can challenge comparison with the productions of the best European presses. Paper, type and binding are all excellent, and the care bestowed on the typography of the book merits all praise. Paṇḍit Rāmānujācārya has performed his task painstakingly, and Dr. Schrader's supervision has added that finish which is required by high standards of scholarship. The fact that Dr. Schrader, being a German, was interned at Ahmednagar when some 200 pages had still to be struck off, is responsible for the only blemish in the work. Owing to a misunderstanding, the Paṇḍit has not preserved the right proportion in his comments and foot-notes, and the last part of the book is somewhat overloaded with them, breaking the evenness of treatment in this respect, so that the first 500 pages contain only business-like text-critical notes, but the last two hundred a progression of lengthy annotations, culminating in a very Oriental colophon singing the praise of the author of the commentary. Yet all this does not seriously interfere with the solid workmanship displayed in the editing, or with the importance of the text. Two interesting prefaces by the Editor and the well-known Pañcarātrin, Kumāratātārya Kavi Bhūṣaṇa, add to the value of the book. Both are written from a confessional standpoint, and, owing to the circumstance mentioned above, Dr. Schrader has not added an introduction from the strictly scholarly point of view. This defect will, however, be made good by a separate volume, now nearly ready for publication, in which Dr. Schrader deals exhaustively with the subject under the title of *Introduction to the Pāñcarātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*. It will most probably be issued in September as an independent companion volume.

As to the contents of the work, they are very varied. The main subjects treated of are Philosophy, Linguistic Occultism (mantra-shāstra), the theory of magical figures, practical magic, yoga, domestic observances and social rules. Of these, philosophy, linguistic occultism and practical magic occupy each about one-fourth of the whole work, so that it may be said that roughly one-half of the Samhitā deals with theoretical and practical occultism, one-fourth with philosophy, and one-fourth with the other subjects.

A very important part is that given by chapters 5 to 7, containing an account of creation; the development of concomitant subjects is continued in the next 5 chapters. It would be useless, if not impossible, to give in a few words a summary of all the 60 chapters of this fascinating and important work. Besides, a full resume of the whole will be found in Dr. Schrader's *Introduction*. It may be sufficient to say that for the student of comparative religion, of Indian philosophy, and of Theosophy alike, the book is of highest value. Theosophists will find in many of its parts an atmosphere akin to the lofty conceptions of H. P. B. in her *Secret Doctrine*, where she deals with such subjects as the creation and dissolution of the world, the hierarchy, the avatāras and the like. They cannot fail to be very much interested in this old work. Another thing which struck us is that much in the work furnishes matter which seems to throw new light on many problems connected with the study of that much read scripture, the Bhagavad-Gītā, and which has on this account a special interest of its own. But enough is now said to show that we regard this publication as a very important one, and we have no hesitation in stating that it will bring credit to the Institution which published it, as well as to its capable Editor and Supervisor.

J. v. M.

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*The Yoga of Yama*, by W. Gorn Old. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book is described as "A version of the *Kathopanishad*, with Commentary; being a system of Yoga or means of attainment". In it Mr. Old presents to the public a rendering of this famous Scripture that should be fairly intelligible to the western mind, and supplements it by copious notes in the nature of a commentary. On the whole he seems to have succeeded in bringing out the main features of the text, and his amplifications bring the teachings of modern Theosophy and the *Kabbala* to bear on their elucidation.

The story which serves as a setting for the discourse is well known. Nachiketa, a Brahmana boy, is about to be offered as a human sacrifice by his fanatical father, and



improves the occasion by requesting Yama, the God of Death, to instruct him in Yoga. Chapters II.—VI. consist entirely of a discourse on the Path and its qualifications, containing many illuminating passages relating to the psychic nature of man, which latter Mr. Old illustrates especially clearly. The choice of a setting familiar to the people of the period is characteristic of Eastern Scriptures (cp. the *Bhagavad-Gītā*), and happily Mr. Old does not attempt to justify human sacrifice, so Western readers are not so likely to be shocked by the story as if it were taken literally. Needless to say that the discourse itself ignores all such external religious observances, and even doctrines, with the same bluntness as the *Gītā* :

This Self is not revealed by many explanations, nor apprehended by much teaching, but to him who is acceptable by the Self, the Self will be revealed.

He who hath forsaken evil ways, who is self-controlled, concentrated and moreover steadfast, obtains illumination. (II. 23 and 24)

Verses 18 and 19 of the same chapter are particularly akin to the *Gītā* in their conception of immortality :

Knowing which, one is not born nor dies, nor aught from this doth anywhere spring forth, unborn, eternal, changeless, as of old, for though the body perish yet is he unhurt.

For if the slayer thinks to kill, or if the killed thinks he is slain, both are deceived, for it doth neither kill nor yet is slain.

We heartily commend this excellent piece of work to the more thoughtful section of the reading public, as another link between the philosophies of East and West and a worthy accompaniment to the great message of the *Kathopanishad* :

Arise! awake! Come into the presence of the Gifted Ones, and learn! The sages say that the Path is as difficult to tread as is the keen edge of a razor. (III. 14.)

W. D. S. B.

*Introduction to Philosophy*, by Oswald Kulpe, translated from the German by W. B. Pillsbury and E. B. Titchner. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 6s.)

Roughly speaking, Introductions to Philosophy may be divided into two classes, says Professor Kulpe. First, there are those in which the author discusses the principal philosophic problems and offers a solution—his aim obviously being

to teach his views to the student and make him, in turn, philosophise; secondly, those in which the author traces the history of philosophic thinking with a view to familiarising the student with the various schools of thought, their development, their relation to men and events, past and present.

In planning his own book Professor Kulpe set himself to avoid the faults of both groups while combining their advantages. He wishes to encourage original thought on philosophic questions in his students, but without first prejudicing them in favour of his own views; his idea is to stimulate the mind rather than to mould it. He thinks, however, that real preparation for study includes the gaining of knowledge of what has been thought in the past, and the acquiring of a vocabulary of technical terms. He therefore adopts the general plan of the books of the second group.

This work is divided into four parts: the definition and classification of philosophy; the philosophical disciplines, general and special; schools of philosophical thought, metaphysical, epistemological, ethical; and a discussion of the problem of philosophy and the philosophical system. It is an excellent handbook for study and reference. In it one may find at a moment's notice a clear and concise account of the main principles underlying any of the well known schools of thought. The ordinary reader, not trained to study, will not find it interesting reading—the author's desire to make his work "complete" in 245 pages has made it too much of a concentrated essence for it to be comfortable reading. But the student, for whom after all the book is intended, will find it exceedingly useful. Lists of books by German, French, and English writers dealing with the subject in hand are given at the end of each section, forming together an excellent bibliography.

A. DE L.

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*How to Treat by Suggestion: With and Without Hypnosis.*  
A Notebook for Practitioners, by Edwin L. Ash, M.D. (Mills and Boon, London. Price 1s.)

This differs from the many books treating of this subject, in that it is written solely for the medical profession, the

author having contributed his *Mental Self-Help* for the ready use of the invalid.

It summarises practical rules for treatment by suggestion, and cites various types of cases with appropriate and particular methods suited to each, including rules of practical demonstration where satisfactory results have been obtained. The account of technical details is brief, and the notes as to the advantage and disadvantage of different methods of treatment by suggestion should be of special value to the student of the subject.

Although the book is free from psychological discussion, the author clearly indicates the qualities pertaining to uprightness of character, so essential in all methods of mental healing.

G. G.

*The Survival of Man*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

An account of the aims of the Society for Psychical Research and of some instances of its work have been put within easy reach of the public by the issuing of a shilling edition of *The Survival of Man*. Certain portions of the original book are omitted, but this does not in the least impair its unity or its value as an exposition of the facts on which the author believes that gradually there may be built a scientific proof of man's survival of bodily death.

A. DE L.

*Pressing Problems*, by J. Merrin, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Stratford, E. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The universal prevalence of social problems in every age conveys the impression that they are one of the fatal necessities of civilisation, and their right solution one of humanity's most important tests for success or failure. This book narrates in detail the special problems affecting the United Kingdom, their causes, effects and remedy; and it bears especially upon the prevailing conditions of poverty,

intemperance, home life and child life, with their menacing effects upon the national existence and prosperity. It contains many "home truths" concerning forced poverty, unfair dealing, covetousness, underselling, the sweating system, accumulation of wealth, the immoral and degrading drink traffic, and prison statistics.

Being convinced, as the author is, that all these are mainly religious questions, he sees their only effective solution in the possibility of the religious and social movements working hand in hand for their remedy. His strongest appeal, therefore, is to those who are professedly religious, and particularly to the clergy, who have in view the keeping and the exercising of God's plan for humanity's salvation. He attributes the failure of the socialist, the agitator and labour leaders—who, he says, spend their time cursing things that are "up" and doing woefully little to improve things that are "down"—to their being anti-Christian; and his claim sounds rather colossal and dogmatic when he asserts that "it is Christianity alone that has inspired every great movement for the benefit of humanity". Tolstoy's idea is that "the Christian nations of the present day are in a position no less cruel than that of the Pagan times. In many respects, especially in the matter of oppression, the position has grown worse." And this is in accord with the author's admission that the continued existence of evils—in spite of all earnest effort at reform—speaks but poorly of the Church in its impotence to cope with the situation; but he claims that it is not Christianity that is at fault, for Christianity is a faith that can right the world, and the fault lies rather in the greed and rapacity of men.

There would probably be little disagreement with the claim that it is through religion that humanity grows quickest towards its ideals, but the individual idea as to what constitutes religion would likely be claimed as the legitimate right of each, and especially in these days when men are altering and correcting their notions of the manner of God's working. It is to be hoped that the "Golden Age" is being hastened through the intellectual and spiritual perception that co-operation is the next important lesson to be assimilated by mankind, and that a real belief in the existence of Divine Justice will prove a surer foundation for understanding and

co-operating with the Divine Plan. Thus will humanity be relieved of the depressing sense that all is wrong with the world, and be encouraged in every attempt to discover and ameliorate the distressing conditions of the darker side of life, which this book so fully and ably depicts.

G. G.

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*A World Expectant: The Study of a Great Possibility.* By A. E. Wodehouse, M.A. (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

It is well known in Theosophical circles that Mr. Wodehouse is the Organising Secretary of the Order of the Star in the East. The principles of the Order are also well known, and hence the title of this book—*A World Expectant*—is sufficient to inform most of our readers of the main theme of its contents. This is, of course, the Coming of a World Teacher, for whose advent so many people, outside as well as within the T. S., are looking; the critical age in which we are living; the signs of coming change; the need for a wider interpretation of life which shall bridge the gulf which at present separates our spiritual traditions from our everyday trafficking.

All these things have been written of and discussed before among Theosophists, but the great value of this particular book is that it deals with the subject from the point of view of the critical and secular mind to which the prophecies of Occultists, whether of the East or the West, are matters of profound indifference. The author has excluded "any element of authority, and has endeavoured to examine the idea purely as an intellectual hypothesis, to be accepted as reasonable or set aside as unreasonable in the light of ordinary thinking about man and the world".

His main argument, stated as boldly as possible, is this: In the midst of the turmoil of present conditions everywhere two great tendencies are manifesting themselves in practically every department of human endeavour. First, there is what he calls the *New Vitalism*, the bursting forth of an abundant and often quite uncontrolled vitality, which breaks all the bonds of restraining tradition; secondly, we see everywhere

the effort to organise, to bring units together into groups in which the parts shall range themselves in proper order as components of a larger whole, shall subordinate themselves to the purposes of a life which they share in common. Both these tendencies the author interprets as the response of the world to the inflowing of the new life-impulse which we call the dawn of a new age. And as every movement tends to become focused in a Personality, it is reasonable to expect that some Person will arise who shall harness these turbulent life forces and give direction to their progress.

Many interesting facts the author has brought together from contemporary history, science, art, and philosophy, whereby he illustrates his thesis, arranging them so as to show their relation to the age that is passing and the age that is to come.

The chapters of this book appeared first as articles in *The Herald of the Star*. We are glad to welcome them in their present form, as one likely to be acceptable to a large class of readers who would not be attracted by the magazine for which they were originally written.

A. DE L.

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*A Manual of Hypnotism*, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a thoroughly sensible introduction to the subject of hypnotism in popular language and at a popular price. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, Mr. Hunt should be instrumental in saving many from falling unawares into the tempting pitfalls that surround the study and practice of mental suggestion. He proceeds systematically from the simple and known to the more complex and less known, so that the sceptic may begin here and now to satisfy himself as to the reality of mind-control, without suddenly finding himself bewildered by a maze of phenomena. All the same we are inclined to think that even with all his cautions the author is still a trifle too confident as to the value of such experiments and the impunity with which they may be conducted, especially in this age of neurasthenia.

The chief value of the book undoubtedly lies in the rational and coherent explanation it offers for the mysterious part played by the subconscious mind in normal as well as abnormal processes of thought, showing that hypnosis is only a matter of degree, being a frequent result of the dreamy, suggestible state into which so many good people allow themselves to lapse. The chapters on Auto-suggestion and Practical Therapeutics are perhaps the most useful in the book, as a reassuring stimulus to exercise of the will on lines of health and sanity. Theosophists, as well as the general public, will find several fresh side-lights on human nature, and no one can say that the book is dull.

W. D. S. B.

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*The Story of the Catholic Revival*, by Clifton Kelway.  
(Cope and Fenwick, London. Price 1s.)

As the Rt. Hon. Viscount Halifax observes in the Introduction: "It is impossible for all to search the vast historical and biographical library which the movement has created, and those who cannot do so may find this sketch, brief as it is, of interest and help." And one may add that even those who wish their knowledge of the subject to be deeper and fuller than that which can be gained from the reading of so brief a history will find this a good introductory work as giving the main outline of the story. A list of important books dealing with the Oxford Movement, the lives of the Leaders, and subjects connected with their work, is appended.

The story of enthusiasts working for a cause they love is always interesting, and the struggle known as the Catholic Revival is especially so—it fascinates the reader like a good story—the need for action on the part of its heroes was so obvious, their achievements have been so striking, the contrast between "before" and "after" so well defined.

The tale is told very simply. Chapter I describes the condition of affairs before the Revival—the "clergy who not only thought not at all but whose heavy ignorance . . . hung about them like a garment"; the lazy congregation who sat in their great box pews and slept; the deplorable appearance of the churches, tasteless and shapeless

outside, airless, mildewed, moth-eaten inside; the various abuses in the Church due to the laxity and self-indulgence of all concerned. Two or three pictures reprinted from *The Deformation and the Reformation* illustrate this part of the book very well.

The new impulse which was to change all this was started with the Oxford Movement. In a chapter of that name the lives of its "leaders" are sketched. Then the author traces the spread of the movement and ends with a chapter on the Church of England To-day.

A. DE L.

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*Unexpected Tidings of the War and of the Future* [from various sources]. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a curious collection of spiritualistic communications of a very mediocre type, purporting to throw some light on the war as seen from "the other side". The prophetic element is characteristically vague and sententious; of course the Central Powers are going to be defeated, and good will triumph over evil, and so on. The personages interviewed range from disembodied German soldiers to the angel Raphael, and naturally the Book of Revelation comes in for its share of the honours. The Second Coming of Christ is a prominent feature, seven special visions being devoted to this event; but we do not gather much more than that Christ will be known by his use of Biblical language. Unfortunately the sublime is much discounted by the ridiculous, as in the last item when the Kaiser's higher self raps out a message imploring a lady to connect him up to his lower self which has run amok. No doubt these psychic impressions are genuine so far as they go, but death does not change ordinary people into sages.

W. D. S. B.



## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## INSTRUMENTAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE

## "SPIRIT WORLD"

In *The Occult Review* for September appears an article under the above heading by Hereward Carrington, which is described as "An Account of a Series of Remarkable Experiments by two Dutch Physicists by which they claim to have established this fact". The experimenters referred to are Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland. They are "well known in spiritistic and occult circles there; and also for their original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases". The statements in this article are mostly taken from a book called *The Mystery of Death*, written in Dutch by these two men, and representing the result of more than twenty-two years of work.

The first apparatus they used consisted of a cylinder hermetically sealed and connected with a "manometer," described as "a sort of thermometer, placed sideways, and containing one drop of alcohol, which, under normal conditions, occupied a position in the centre of the glass tube (like a spirit-level)". This glass tube was graduated, and the movement of the bubble represented the displacement of air within the cylinder. The result was as follows:

The investigators then retired, and asked the "man-force"—as they called the manifesting "spirit"—not wishing to call it by that name—to enter the cylinder and displace some of the contained air. Immediately the bubble was seen to run along the scale of the manometer, showing that part of the air had been displaced by some solid or semi-solid body. The degree of displacement was noted. At request, the alcohol-drop was caused to run along the scale, back and forth, a number of times. The fact of coincidence was thus quite excluded.

From a number of observations with improved apparatus Drs. Matla and Van Zelst calculated that the volume of the "body" supposed to enter the cylinder was 53 litres and its weight about 69·5 grammes—approximately 2·25 oz., its specific weight being 176·5 times lighter than air.

The latest instrument employed is called a "dynamistograph," and consists of a key, an indicator, and a recorder. The indicator is a wheel marked with the letters of the alphabet. As the wheel revolves, each letter in turn appears at an opening, and if the key is pressed, the letter that is at the opening is printed on to a ribbon. The key consists of a sensitive diaphragm arranged so that the slightest pressure closes an electric circuit operating the printing hammer.

The experiments or "communications" by means of the dynamistograph covered a period of one year, in which daily messages were received. The experimenters assert that the weight of the "spirit form" gradually decreases, as the years pass—a form 100 years old weighing only about one quarter as much as one ten years old! Slow disintegration is evidently taking place. The molecular intervals in the body are said to be 176 times greater than that of ordinary air. The entire body of this strange being is full of air, and is not separated from the atmosphere by any protective sheath or covering of an impervious nature. The being is thought to pass through those solid objects through which it *can* pass by a species of osmosis—its molecules being small enough and far enough apart to permit this.

It was also found that atmospheric conditions affected the phenomena considerably, the results being better in dry weather than in wet. A distinct improvement was obtained by the use of an independent high-frequency circuit of 20,000 volts. The inference from this experiment is ingenious and reasonable, namely, that electrical energy is used by the manifesting entity instead of the vitality of a medium.

Apart, however, from this indication of a generally recognised connection between electricity and molecular cohesion, these experiments strike us as providing very little more "proof"—of the kind demanded by the materialist—than that provided by the rapping out of messages on a table. The great advantage claimed is that no medium is required, and this claim is justified in that not only is the factor of trickery eliminated but, what is still more important, the incentive to employ mediums, at the expense of a constant drain on their vitality, is lessened. Yet it cannot be said that ordinary table-rapping is dependent on mediumship in the ordinary sense of the word, and though the dynamistograph is evidently a far more refined and reliable method of receiving a message than the humble "rap," it is doubtful whether anyone who refused to credit the latter would be convinced by the former. Again, this method is still open to the stock objection that the phenomena may be produced by the subconscious mind of the investigator, as in every case the prime motive for the experiment is the wish that a question should be answered.

So though we agree with the author that this achievement may lead to a "revolution" in methods of research, of great value to physical science, we are not so hopeful that a revolution in belief will follow. The only conclusive proof of immortality comes from an extension of consciousness, and this cannot be proof to another; but the evidence of external phenomena may help to remove mental difficulties. The article opens with a short exposition of the simple conception that man is more than his body, and is well worth the serious attention of all who are watching the steady progress being made towards bridging the gulf from the physical side.

W. D. S. B.